
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

APRIL, 1797.

MEMOIRS OF EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.

(Concluded from page 241.)

MR. GIBBON, on his return to England after an absence of near five years, would naturally feel rejoiced in being restored to his relatives and friends. Of this circumstance he seems to have been fully sensible; for he thus expresses himself:—"The only person in England whom I was impatient to see, was my aunt Porter, the affectionate guardian of my tender years. I hastened to her house in College-street, Westminster, and the evening was spent in the effusions of joy and confidence. It was not without some awe and apprehension, that I approached the presence of my father. My infancy, to speak the truth, had been neglected at home; the severity of his look and language at our last parting still dwelt on my memory; nor could I form any notion of his character, or my probable reception. They were both more agreeable than I could expect. He received me as a man and a friend; all constraint was banished at our first interview; and we ever afterwards continued on the same terms of easy and equal politeness."

His father had married a second wife during his son's absence, of whom Mr. Gibbon speaks favourably; and then adds—"By the indulgence of these parents, I was left at liberty to consult my taste or reason in the choice

of place, of company, and of amusements, and my excursions were bounded only by the limits of the island, and the measure of my income. Some faint efforts were made to procure me the employment of Secretary to a foreign embassy, and I listened to a scheme which would again have transported me to the continent.—Mrs. Gibbon, with seeming wisdom, exhorted me to take chambers in the Temple, and devote my leisure to the study of the law. I cannot repent of having neglected her advice. Few men, without the spur of necessity, have resolution to force their way through the thorns and thickets of that gloomy labyrinth. Nature had not endowed me with the bold and ready eloquence which makes itself heard amidst the tumult of the bar, and I should probably have been diverted from the labours of literature, without acquiring the fame or fortune of a successful pleader. I had no need to call to my aid the regular duties of a profession; every day, every hour was agreeably filled; nor have I known, like so many of my countrymen, the tediousness of an idle life.”

The first two years after his return from Lausanne, Mr. Gibbon passed between London and his father's house in the country. When in London, he was much gratified by the various objects which this vast metropolis affords; and he assiduously frequented the Theatres “at a very propitious era of the stage, when a constellation of excellent actors, both in tragedy and comedy, was eclipsed by the meridian brightness of Garrick in the maturity of his judgment, and vigour of his performance.” In the country, at his father's, Mr. Gibbon's time was alternately passed in study and amusement. He therefore says—“My father could never inspire me with his love and knowledge of farming. I never handled a gun, I seldom mounted an horse, and my philosophic walks were soon terminated by a shady bench, where I was long detained by the sedentary amusement of reading or meditation. At home

home I occupied a pleasant and spacious apartment; the library on the same floor was soon considered as my peculiar domain; and, I might say with truth, that I was never less alone than when by myself. My sole complaint, which I piously suppressed, arose from the kind restraint imposed on the freedom of my time. By the habit of early rising, I always secured a sacred portion of the day; and many scattered moments were stolen and employed by my studious industry. I could not refuse attending my father, in the summer of 1759, to the races at Stockbridge, Reading, and Odiham, where he had entered a horse for the hunter's plate; and I was not displeased with the sight of our Olympic Games—the beauty of the spot—the fleetness of the horses—and the gay tumult of the numerous spectators.”

Amidst all these excursions, Mr. Gibbon retained and cherished his fondness for literature; and the following little anecdote, which he relates of himself, fully proves it:—“On the receipt of the first quarter, a large share of my allowance was appropriated to my literary wants. I cannot forget the joy with which I exchanged a Bank note of twenty pounds for the twenty volumes of the *Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions*; nor would it have been easy, by any other expenditure of the same sum, to have procured so large and lasting a fund of rational amusement.” Mr. Gibbon, indeed, proceeded in his literary studies; the classics often lay open before him; and his active mind was frequently employed in solving a difficulty, or in illustrating a fact.

Mr. Gibbon recommends the following practice to the young student, and at the same time specifies the English authors which he read with most pleasure:—“After glancing my eye over the design and order of a new book, I suspended the perusal till I had finished the task of self-examination, till I had revolved, in a solitary walk, all that I knew or believed, or had thought on the subject of the whole work, or of some particular

chapter : I was then qualified to discern how much the author added to my original stock ; and I was sometimes satisfied by the agreement, I was sometimes armed by the opposition of our ideas. The favourite companions of my leisure were our English writers since the Revolution : they breathe the spirit of reason and liberty, and they most seasonably contributed to restore the purity of my own language, which had been corrupted by the long use of a foreign idiom. By the judicious advice of Mr. Mallet, I was directed to the writings of Swift and Addison ; wit and simplicity are their common attributes ; but the style of Swift is supported by manly original vigour—that of Addison is adorned by the female graces of elegance and mildness. The old reproach, that no British altars had been raised to the Muse of History, was recently disproved by the first performances of Robertson and Hume. I will assume the presumption of saying, that I was not unworthy to read them ; nor will I disguise my different feelings in the repeated perusals. The perfect composition, the nervous language, the well-turned periods of Dr. Robertson, inflamed me to the ambitious hope that I might one day tread in his footsteps : the calm philosophy, the careless inimitable beauties of his friend and rival, often forced me to close the volume with a mixed sensation of delight and despair.”

Mr. Gibbon's first publication was, the *Essay on the Study of Literature*, suggested, as he himself says, “ by a refinement of vanity, the desire of justifying and praising the object of a favourite pursuit.” Though finished Feb. 3, 1759, it was not published till the spring of 1761. It was written in French ; but the dedication to his father was in English. Mr. Gibbon then criticises this his first essay, when “ he ventured to reveal the measure of his mind ;” and after having found some faults with it, he declares, that “ the *Essay* does credit to a young writer of two-and-twenty years of age, who had read with taste, who thinks with freedom,

dom, and who writes in a foreign language with spirit and elegance. Upon the whole, I may apply to the first labour of my pen the speech of a far superior artist, when he surveyed the first productions of his pencil. After viewing some portraits which he had painted in his youth, my friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, acknowledged to me, that he was rather humbled than flattered by the comparison with his present works; and that after so much time and study, he had conceived his improvements to be much greater than he found it to have been."

Before the publication of his essay, Mr. Gibbon was become, together with his father, officers in the Hampshire militia. With the bustle of a military life he was not much pleased, though it proved of some use to him in the following respects:—"My principal obligation (says he) to the militia, was the making me an Englishman and a soldier. After my foreign education, with my reserved temper, I should long have continued a stranger in my native country, had I not been shaken in this various scene of new faces and new friends; had not experience forced me to feel the characters of our leading men—the state of parties—the forms of office—and the operations of our civil and military system.—In this peaceful service I imbibed the rudiments of the language, and science of tactics, which opened a new field of study and observation. I diligently read and meditated the *Memoires Militaires* of Quintus Julius (Mr. Guichardt) the only writer who has united the merits of a professor and a veteran. The discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion; and the Captain of the Hampshire grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the Historian of the Roman Empire." He was in the militia for two years and a half, from May 10, 1760, till December 23, 1762.

We are next to trace Mr. Gibbon's Historical career; and some minuteness will be requisite on so cu-

rious a subject. History is the first species of composition; and since Robertson and Hume have so distinguished themselves in this dignified department of literature, no one could reasonably think of treading in their footsteps without very considerable talents, and an ample portion of erudition. But such was Mr. Gibbon's ambition; and, *how* he succeeded, cannot be uninteresting to the intelligent reader of THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

"After his oracle, Dr. Johnson (says Mr. Gibbon) my friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, denies all original genius any natural propensity of the mind to one art or science rather than another. Without engaging in a metaphysical, or rather a verbal dispute, I *know*, by experience, that from my early youth, I aspired to the character of an *Historian*."

Mr. Gibbon then quotes, from an early diary, passages which prove what he here declares. For historical composition, he revolved in his mind several subjects, particularly the Expedition of Charles the Eighth, of France, into Italy—the Crusade of Richard the First, —the Barons' Wars against John and Henry the Third —the History of Edward the Black Prince—the Lives and Comparisons of Henry the Fifth and the Emperor Titus—the Life of Sir Philip Sidney—and that of the Marquis of Montrose. These, however, he relinquished, and fixed on the History of Sir Walter Raleigh, which he afterwards gave up. Then he turned his thoughts to the History of the Liberty of the Swiss, and the History of the Republic of Florence under the House of Medicis. With respect to the latter, Mr. Gibbon remarks—"On this splendid subject; I shall most probably fix—but *when*, or *where*, or *how* it will be executed, I behold in a dark and doubtful perspective."

We find Mr. Gibbon, in the next place, making a tour on the continent. He passed through Paris, where he staid some time, then went to Lausanne, where he prepared himself,

himself, by a course of reading, for visiting Italy, which he accomplished in the following year. When arrived at Rome, he was much impressed with the celebrity of that place. Take his own account.—“ My temper is not very susceptible of enthusiasm, and the enthusiasm which I do not feel I have ever scorned to affect. But at the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the *eternal city*. After a sleepless night, I trod with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum: each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye, and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool and minute examination.”—“ It was AT ROME, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, *that the idea of writing the DECLINE AND FALL OF THE CITY first entered into my mind*. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city rather than of the empire; and though my reading and reflections began to point towards that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious work.”

From Mr. Gibbon's return home, 1765, till the year 1770, he was employed in writing a history of the revolutions of Switzerland, which he afterwards committed to the flames; in publishing a kind of French review, in conjunction with his friend Deyverdun; and, lastly, in composing a pamphlet against Warburton's explication of the sixth book of Virgil's *Æneid* *

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* The following is Mr. Gibbon's character of the celebrated Bishop Warburton.—“ His learning and abilities had raised him to a just eminence; but he reigned the dictator and tyrant of the world of literature. The real merit of Warburton was degraded

During this period, however, Mr. Gibbon never lost sight of his great work, but “gradually advanced from the wish to the hope, from the hope to the design, from the design to the execution.” His preparation appears to have been both assiduous and profound; but it was not till after his father’s death, in 1773, that he began his history of *the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Being removed to London, Mr. Gibbon says, “No sooner was I settled in my house and library, than I undertook the composition of the first volume of my history. At the outset, all was dark and doubtful—even the title of the work, the true æra of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the limits of the introduction, and the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind; but the choice

degraded by the pride and presumption with which he pronounced his infallible decrees; in his polemic writings, he lashed his antagonists without mercy or moderation, and his fervile flatterers, (see the base and malignant essay on the *Delicacy of Friendship*,) exalting the master critic above Aristotle and Longinus, assaulted every modest dissenter who refused to consult the oracle and to adore the idol. In a land of liberty such despotism must provoke a general opposition, and the zeal of opposition is seldom candid or impartial.—A late professor of Oxford, (Dr. Lowth,) in a pointed and polished epistle, defended himself and attacked the Bishop; and whatsoever might be the merits of an insignificant controversy, his victory was clearly established by the silent confusion of Warburton and his slaves†.”

† “*The divine Legation of Moses*, (says Mr. Gibbon,) is a monument, already crumbling in the dust, of the vigour and weakness of the human mind. If Warburton’s new argument proved any thing, it would be a demonstration against the legislator, who left his people without the knowledge of a future state. But some episodes of the work on the Greek philosophy, the hieroglyphics of Egypt, &c. are entitled to the praise of learning, imagination, and discernment.”

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and command of language is the fruit of exercise.—Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and easy pace." About this time, by the friendship of Mr. (now Lord) Eliot, who had married his first cousin, Mr. Gibbon was returned for the borough of Leskeard, but never could assume courage to become a *public speaker*. He tells us, however, that the eight sessions he sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian.

His *great work* being now ready for the press, 1776, it was issued into the world. Its reception will be best ascertained in introducing Mr. Gibbon's own account of it.—"I am at a loss how to describe the success of the work without betraying the vanity of the writer. The first impression was exhausted in a few days—a second and third edition was scarcely adequate to the demand—and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table, and almost on every toilette—the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day, nor was the general voice disturbed by the barking of any *profane* critic. The favour of mankind is most freely bestowed on a new acquaintance of any original merit, and the mutual surprize of the public and their favourite, is productive of those warm sensibilities which at a second meeting can be no longer re-kindled. If I listened to the music of praise, I was more seriously satisfied with the approbation of my judges. The candour of Dr. Robertson embraced his disciple. A letter from Mr. Hume overpaid the labour of ten years; but I have never presumed to accept a place in the triumvirate of British historians."

It were to be wished that Mr. Gibbon, amidst this general approbation, had not given occasion for the *barking* (as he cavalierly terms it) of any sacred as well as profane critic. The merit of his history is undoubtedly very great; but it would have been still greater had it contained nothing hostile to the truth and excellence of the Christian religion. His two last chapters gave considerable offence; and the ironical mode of his attack was deemed particularly reprehensible. The answers made to Mr. Gibbon on this subject were numerous: the most celebrated of them were those by Mr. Davies, Lord Hales, and the present Bishop of Landaff. In his memoirs he speaks of all his opponents, except the last, with disrespect or contempt. This is exceedingly improper: for on both sides, in all disputes, political and religious, the rules of decorum and politeness should never be violated. The prejudices of Mr. Gibbon against Christianity arose from various causes, and it has been thought, with probability, that some circumstances which he mentions in his memoirs, afford an explication of the mystery. To the neglect of his education, in the first part of life, and to his Popish conversion, his unhappy scepticism may be reasonably attributed*.

It will be but fair to add, that Mr. Gibbon wrote a *vindication* of his history, the object of which was to *vindicate* the faith of the historian, not the disbelief of the sceptic. On this last subject he observed an impenetrable silence. We are sorry, both on Mr. Gibbon's own account and on the account of the public, that he should have enrolled himself amongst the advocates for infidelity. But the greatest minds are liable to prejudice. And amidst that *blaze of genius* with

* See a little work entitled, "An Attempt to account for the Infidelity of the late E. Gibbon, Esq. founded on his Memoirs published by John Lord Sheffield, &c.—by John Evans, A. M.—It was reviewed in the *first* number of our Miscellany.

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which certain individuals are blessed, PROVIDENCE sometimes suffers them to mix along with it some weakness, which shews mankind, that, notwithstanding their stupendous talents, they are still frail and erring mortals!

The reader will excuse our detaining him so long on this part of the subject. To us it appears, that with *the belief of* CHRISTIANITY the present and future happiness of the human race is intimately connected.

Mr. Gibbon, after the publication of his first volume, made a trip to Paris, studied anatomy and chymistry, and then undertook the remaining volumes, which were published during the interval of his senatorial life.—“ I perceived, (says Mr. Gibbon,) and without surprize, the coldness, and even prejudice, of the town, nor could a whisper escape my ear, that, in the judgment of many readers, my continuation was much inferior to the original attempt. An author who cannot ascend will always appear to sink; envy was now prepared for my reception, and the zeal of my religious was fortified by the motive of my political enemies.” The latter part of the sentence refers to his having been made, by Lord North, a Lord of the Board of Trade, which was a *sinecure* place of 800l. a year. Mr. Gibbon then adds, “ I was however encouraged by some domestic and foreign testimonies of applause, and the second and third volumes insensibly rose in sale and reputation to a level with the first. But the public is seldom wrong, and I am inclined to believe, that especially in the beginning, they are more prolix, and less entertaining, than the first: my efforts had not been relaxed with success, and I had rather deviated into the opposite fault, of minute and superfluous diligence.”

These volumes were to have concluded Mr. Gibbon's labours; but he afterwards found time and inclination to bring down his history to a later period—
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namely, to the fall of the eastern empire, 1453.—Three additional volumes accomplished this vast business. Having been deprived of his school a year, by the abolition of his place, economy drove him to Lausanne, where, in about five years, he finished his immortal work. Mr. Gibbon's own observations may be here properly transcribed.—“It was not till after many designs, and many trials, that I preferred, as I still prefer, the method of grouping my picture by nations, and the seeming neglect of chronological order is surely compensated by the superior merits of interest and perspicuity. The style of the first volume is, in my opinion, somewhat crude and elaborate; in the second and third, it is ripened into ease, correctness, and numbers; but in the three last I may have been seduced by the facility of my pen; and the constant habit of speaking one language, and writing another, may have infused some mixture of Gallic idioms. I was now straining for the goal, and in the last winter many evenings were borrowed from the social pleasures of Lausanne. I could now wish that a pause, an interval, had been allowed for a serious revival.”

This is an honest confession—his style, in the latter volumes, has been the matter of complaint. With greater care he might have rendered it more pure and elegant.

The *conclusion* of this great work is thus spoken of by Mr. Gibbon, in terms particularly beautiful and expressive. “I have presumed, (says he) to mark the moment of conception, I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote *the last lines of the last page*, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country—the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene—the silver orb of the

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the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion; and that, whatsoever might be the future fate of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious. I will add two facts, which have seldom occurred in the composition of six, or at least of five quartos. 1. My rough manuscript, without any intermediate copy, has been sent to the press. 2. Not a sheet has been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the Author and the Printer—the faults and the merits are, exclusively, my own."

Mr. Gibbon, soon after he had finished his work—came over to England, and, on May 8th, 1788, which was the Historian's birth-day, being fifty-one years of age, the three last volumes were published. A literary dinner was given on the occasion, at Mr. Cadell's, and Mr. Hayley complimented the Historian in some elegant stanzas*.

Having thus traced the beginning and completion of the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*—the remainder of the Memoirs may be soon dispatched.

Mr. Gibbon returned to his favourite abode, at Lausanne, where his happiness was embittered by the death of his friend Deyverdun—and his repose was disturbed

* Mr. Gibbon was present at Mr. Hastings' trial, Westminster-hall—and gives us the following curious anecdote—"As I was waiting in the Manager's box, I had the curiosity to inquire of the short-hand writer, how many words a ready and rapid orator might pronounce in an hour? From 7000 to 7500 was his answer. The medium of 7200 will afford 120 words in a minute, and two words in each second. But this computation will only apply to the English language."

by swarms of French emigrants. In the conclusion of his *Memoirs*, he thus expresses his regard for fame. "I am disgusted with the affectation of men of letters, who complain that they have renounced a substance for a shadow, and their fame (which, sometimes, is no insupportable weight) affords a poor compensation for envy, censure, and persecution. My own experience, at least, has taught me a very different lesson; twenty happy years have been animated by the labour of my history, and its success has given me a name, a rank, a character in the world, to which I should not, otherwise, have been entitled. The rational pride of an author may be offended, rather than flattered, by vague and indiscriminate praise; but he cannot be indifferent to the fair testimonies of private and public esteem. Even his moral sympathy may be gratified by the idea, that now, in the present hour, he is imparting some degree of amusement or knowledge to his friends in a distant land; that, one day, his mind will be familiar to the grand-children of those who are yet unborn *."

The closing paragraph of Mr. Gibbon's *Memoirs*, is solemn and impressive—we cannot resist our inclination of transcribing it.—"The present is a fleeting moment, —the past is no more, and our prospect of futurity is *dark and doubtful*. This day may, possibly, be my last, but the laws of probability, so true in general, so fallacious in particular, still allow about *fifteen years*. I

* The following is Mr. Gibbon's character of that exalted patriot, *Charles James Fox*—"In his tour of Switzerland (September 1788) Mr. Fox gave me two days of free and private society. He seemed to feel, and even to envy the happiness of my situation; while I admired the powers of a superior man, as they are blended in his attractive character, with the softness and simplicity of a child. Perhaps no human being was ever more perfectly exempt from the taint of malevolence, vanity, and falsehood."

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shall soon enter into the period, which, as the most agreeable of his long life, was selected by the judgment and experience of the sage Fontenelle. His choice is approved by the eloquent historian of nature, who fixes our moral happiness to the mature season in which our passions are supposed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition satisfied, our fame and fortune established on a solid basis. In private conversation, that great and amiable man, added the weight of his own experience; and this autumnal felicity might be exemplified in the lives of Voltaire, Hume, and many other men of letters. I am far more inclined to embrace than to dispute this comfortable doctrine. I will not suppose any premature decay of the mind or the body; but I must, *reluctantly*, observe, that two causes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge, with a browner shade, the evening of life."

Here the Memoirs of Mr. Gibbon end—and the period of their termination is 1788. Of the *fifteen years* which he naturally promised himself, *six* only were allotted him; for he died in London the 16th day of January, 1794. This interval was passed chiefly at Lausanne—where Lord Sheffield, and his family, visited him—and it was on a visit to them, in return, that he finished his mortal course. Lord Sheffield, instead of continuing Mr. Gibbon's Memoirs to his death, in an unbroken narrative, has chosen to publish a series of letters which passed between them during this interval. The account of his death, however, is the most interesting part of the information—and, therefore, we shall communicate it to our readers. Mr. Gibbon had been long afflicted with an internal complaint, which, as it occasioned no great uneasiness, was strangely neglected, insensibly increased, and proved the cause of his dissolution. On this last visit to Lord Sheffield, he mentioned his complaint, which appeared, on examination, to be an *hydrocele*. Surgeons were called in—he was

several times tapped, and the operation seemed to be of service to him.

“ After I left him (says Lord Sheffield) on Tuesday afternoon, the 14th, he saw some company, Lady Lucan and Lady Spencer, and thought himself well enough at night to omit the opium draught, which he had been used to take for some time. He slept very indifferently; before nine the next morning he rose, but could not eat his breakfast. However he appeared tolerably well, yet complained, at times, of a pain in his stomach. At one o'clock he received a visit from Madame de Sylva, and, at three, his friend, Mr. Crauford, of Auchinames (whom he always mentioned with particular regard) called, and stayed with him till past five o'clock. They talked, as usual, on various subjects; and, twenty hours before his death, Mr. Gibbon happened to fall into conversation, not uncommon with him, on the probable duration of his life. He said, that he thought himself a good life for ten, twelve, or perhaps twenty years. About six he ate the wing of a chicken, and drank three glasses of Madeira. After dinner he became very uneasy and impatient, complained a good deal, and appeared so weak, that his servant was alarmed. Mr. Gibbon had sent to his friend and relation, Mr. R. Darell, whose house was not far distant, desiring to see him, and, adding, that he had something particular to say. But, unfortunately, this desired interview never took place.

“ During the evening he complained much of his stomach, and of a disposition to vomit. Soon after nine he took his opium draught and went to bed. About ten he complained of much pain, and desired that warm napkins might be applied to his stomach. He almost incessantly expressed a sense of pain, till about four o'clock in the morning, when he said his stomach was much easier. About seven the servant asked whether he should send for Mr. Farquhar? he answered, no—
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that he was as well as he had been the day before. At about half-past eight he got out of bed, and said he was *plus adroit* than he had been for three months past, and got into bed again, without assistance, better than usual. About nine he said he would rise. The servant, however, persuaded him to remain in bed till Mr. Farquhar, who was expected at eleven, should come. Till about that hour he spoke with great facility. Mr. Farquhar came at the time appointed, and he was then visibly *dying*. When the *valet de chambre* returned, after attending Mr. Farquhar out of the room, Mr. Gibbon said, "*Pourquoi est ce que vous me quittez ?*" This was about half-past eleven. At twelve he drank some brandy and water from a tea-pot, and desired his favourite servant to stay with him. These were the *last* words he pronounced articulately. To the last he preserved his senses, and when he could no longer speak, his servant having asked a question, he made a sign to shew that he understood him. He was quite tranquil, and did not stir; his eyes half shut. About a quarter before one he ceased to breathe."

His remains were deposited in Lord Sheffield's family burial-place, in Suffex.

Thus, in our *three* successive Numbers, have we furnished the Reader of the MONTHLY VISITOR with a faithful analysis of Mr. Gibbon's Memoirs, which, as published by Lord Sheffield, fill up more than two hundred *quarto* pages. And we hesitate not to declare, that we know of no other periodical work, which contains abstracts equally full and copious of this most interesting publication.

Such then was the life—such the death of the great Edward Gibbon, Esq. author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. These, his Memoirs, which we have detailed, demonstrate the vast importance of a good education for the perfection of the human understanding; and shew *how much* the mind of man has it in its power to accomplish, when it devotes

itself with intenseness to a favourite pursuit. At the same time we regret the scepticism with which his *chef-d'œuvre* is tinged, and by which his prospect of futurity was darkened. We are, however, inclined to believe, that even the portraiture exhibited in the preceding pages, might be urged as an incidental argument for a future state of existence, which is the primary doctrine of the Christian revelation. For, can we suffer ourselves to imagine, that this exalted genius, with all his intellectual energies, and finer sensibilities, is sunk, *for ever*, into the abyss of annihilation? It cannot be. We would, therefore, rather hope (for such is the benevolence of the Deity) that *the capacious soul of Gibbon*, which embraced the long tract of ages, comprehending the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*—shall flourish and expand in a more elevated sphere of being—there, meeting with objects of contemplation, commensurate with her faculties, congenial to her inclinations, and eternal in their duration.

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CLAREMONT.

ARCHIBALD, father of Henry Claremont, after a course of university studies, was preferred to a small living in the West of England, through the interest of an old family relation. Though informed and elevated, he was meek and unambitious. He might have secured a place of more importance than the little vicarage he had obtained, had his mind panted for distinction; but Archibald Claremont possessed more of that spirit which influenced the great Author of Christianity: having wherewithal to be content, he sought no more. Mr. Claremont married early in life; and the produce of that marriage, Henry, and Maria Claremont, constituted his only delight. In his matrimonial choice, he had looked rather for mental than earthly

earthly riches; and the virtues of Mrs. Claremont evinced the intelligence of her husband.

To go over a plan of domestic life, which has been gone over time after time, and which has nothing of novelty to enforce it, would tire the most patient reader. Henry was educated by his good father in the best principles of virtue, which were illustrated by the best of examples—the life of that very father: and Maria, under the affectionate tuition of her mother, promised every thing that her parent could wish. The example of their pastor, combined with a spirit of industry in his parishioners, gave a happy lustre to the native beauties of Cowley. Piety animated the hopes and relieved the solicitude of the meanest labourer. That cheerful acquiescence in the seeming contradictions of Providence, contradictions which often arrest the most unthinking, inculcated by their venerable pastor, gave an animation and sublimity to the face of poverty. Poverty! did I say: there was no poverty, for poverty was not felt; they were rich beyond the purchase of riches. Mr. Claremont now received from his college, without solicitation or expectance, a doctor's degree. This addition he would have carefully concealed, had not Mrs. Claremont's pleasure, on the occasion, induced her to whisper the circumstance; and it was not lost on his grateful parishioners. If they had ever been accustomed to esteem their vicar, this new honour, added to that piety which increased with his years, augmented their veneration for his character.

Dr. Claremont was a spirit of what we now term the old-school. He loved the constitution of his country, because he thought it the best which that country could have: he taught the reformed tenets of our religion, because he conceived them to be agreeable to Christianity; and preferred the established to the dissenting form, from a persuasion that it united the essentials of the latter, with a decorum and solemnity of manner which gave an interesting dignity to the duties
of

of public worship. We need not say, that such a man as Claremont, saw with unspeakable grief, the approaching career of infidelity. His little village, perhaps, was one of the last places affected by its principles : but affected it was. Two young gentlemen of fashion—and, of course—philosophy, coming from London, on a visit to young Claremont, for whom they had procured a situation in the army, brought with them two volumes of modern speculations, which, being deposited in a sort of case, denominated the pericraneum, were constant companions of their travels. Old Claremont had already felt the malignity of these speculations, in the abated industry and declining happiness of his flock ; but he now severely felt their influence as extended to his son, by the two Melvills. He exhorted, he reasoned with his Henry ; but it is easier to find objections than to solve them, and the sufficiency of youth prevailed. “ Henry !” said the distressed father, “ if my arguments are unconvincing, I can only exhort you to what my religion will not permit me to force you. I am growing weak—I do not think that I am long for this world, that I shall be long called to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. I therefore propose, on the next Sabbath, to give my people—for I trust that some of them, nay, *many* of them, are *mine* in the highest sense—a parting warning. If you choose to hear it, I shall be happy to see Henry there.” Claremont was touched, for his father lived not till the ensuing Sabbath : he was found, two mornings after the interview, dead, in his study. He was seated in an old arm-chair ; he had fallen a little back—but the spectacles had not quitted his face, and his Bible was open before him.

Mrs. Claremont, and Maria, knew the loss of this excellent man ; Henry appeared very dejected ; and even their thoughtless visitors were not unknown to grief. The whole vicarage presented a face of dejection. Good cause had these honest people to lament the

the loss of their Claremont, whose successor—Mr. Septimus Bright—was exactly the reverse of their deceased friend.

Charles, the elder of the Melvills, had, during their stay at Cowley, paid a particular attention to Maria. While her father's death was yet new, he refrained from intimating his wishes: but as it became necessary for Mrs. Claremont to change her residence, Mr. Melvill proposed himself as the husband of Maria, adding that, as Mr. Henry Claremont, pursuant to his former choice, was about to take up his commission, if Mrs. Claremont would consent to visit the metropolis, he should be happy to receive her at Great Ormond Street. Mrs. Claremont having arranged her family concerns, and retained only her oldest domestic, accepted the offer of Mr. Melvill.

The gayer scenes of a military life, passed among the pleasures of the town, and the conversation of numbers, who were opinioned with his two friends, Charles and Reignald Melvill, entirely dissipated those compunctions familiar to Claremont, at the death of his father. Even his amiable sister lost something of her wonted purity. She could not escape the contamination of example. Mrs. Claremont, alone, remained thoughtful. Melvill had solicited the hand of her daughter; Melvill attended her daughter to every species of elegant amusement; yet Melvill talked less of marriage, and Mrs. Claremont was perplexed. She thought of her situation, which, at the best, she considered as an irksome dependence. It was one evening, when she had been lost in these unpleasing reveries, that Maria returned from a ball, whether she had been accompanied by Mr. Melvill and her brother, with an uncommon appearance of melancholy. Some time past, without other talk than the customary enquiries, Maria continued dejected: "Well! daughter," said Mrs. Claremont, "why so serious? are you unwell?" "Not so: but I am very much

much fatigued." "Nay, Maria, this will not do; for you have been out much later than on this night, and danced much longer; yet never have I seen you so low-spirited." "*Low-spirited* indeed."—"Perhaps, my dear," resumed Mrs. Claremont, "you do not like this place. This day, I have been thinking much on the same subject. To-morrow, Maria, if you agree in my wishes, I shall propose our return to Cowley: it is true, we have lost our old habitation; but, among the parishioners of *your* father, we shall never want a house." "*My father!*" exclaimed Maria. Mrs. Claremont had touched the best emotions of her daughter's heart: she wished to make a quick appeal to the feelings of her beloved child, and she knew, that to do this, she had only to mention the name of her departed husband.—"My dearest friend," said Maria, bursting into tears, as she fell on her mother's neck, "never talk of my father. That father was a *good* man; and he used to say, that his Maria would be—you know what he said mother. I am very ill." "Alas, my girl, I fear you are more than ill: but tell me, Maria, tell me, for heaven's sake, why you do not wish to hear of your father? there was a time when you would talk of nothing else." "Yes, there was a time! I shall always love the memory of my father. I am sure you do not think that I have ceased to love him! But, just now, I do not live as he wished me to live. We will go to rest. Perhaps, my dear mother, I shall be better to-morrow: I will think of your wishes; for your wish shall be my will: and when I am in the way for a better life, we will talk of my father."

Mrs. Claremont was awakened from a restless night by a visit from her son Henry, who came to excuse himself from attending his mother and sister, as he had promised on the preceding night, in their morning ramble. "I would have attended you, indeed mother," said Claremont, "had not a very unexpected piece of business

ness fallen to my share. Charles Melvill called on me at seven this morning, I thought the fellow was mad to think of knocking one up at such a confounded hour. He had found a letter on his table last night, which obliged him to leave town immediately, and he requested that I would settle two or three trifling accounts with some tradesmen, who would expect to meet him; and can I disoblige my friend?" "Nor, Henry, would I disoblige that friend; I would only remember, that I had more friends than Melvill." "I understand my mother; and if she demands my stay, I will, certainly, wound my honour as a gentleman, to obey her as a son." "When your mother *requires* that sacrifice, you shall make it; and not till then. She only requests, and she need not request it as a favour, that Henry Claremont will call on her about noon." "At that time," said Claremont, "I will assuredly be here."

(To be concluded in our next.)

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. IV.]

ANECDOTE OF A MONK.

A MONK, who acted as librarian to his society, being employed to make a catalogue of the books, on taking up an Hebrew author, of which tongue he was completely ignorant, was a long time at a loss to describe the volume. At length he inserted it in the catalogue, under the title of a book, which had the beginning where the end should be.

ANECDOTE OF GROTIUS.

When this excellent writer and man was confined by the Prince of Orange in the castle of Louvestein, with his friend Barneveldt, on the suspicion of favouring the sect of the Arminians, he obtained permission to have his

his books sent to him. After some time, the guards neglected to examine the boxes as they came in, and were carried out. His wife placed Grotius in one of the empty boxes that was going out, and he was safely in this manner extricated from his confinement. Some soldiers, whilst they were carrying the chest, observed, that it was as heavy as if an Arminian had been in it. Grotius, however, after much apprehension, escaped. The following verses were made to celebrate so fortunate an elopement. The arca, or chest, in which he was concealed, is alluded to by the author :

*Hæc ea, quæ Domina solita est portare libellos
Grotiadæ fuerat pondere facta gravis ;
Mutatum neque sensit onus, quod enim illa ferebat,
Id quoque, sed spirans bibliotheca, fuit.*

This chest, which to its master did convey
Full many a massy volume every day,
Unconscious now of greater weight and cares,
A living library in Grotius bears.

Grotius told me (M. Menage) the circumstances and manner of his escape. It happened in the year 1662.

ANECDOTE OF PRAXITELES, THE CELEBRATED GRECIAN SCULPTOR.

Pausanias relates in his "Attics" a singular story of this ancient and eminent artist of Greece. The sculptor had promised two of the finest statues he possessed to his favourite mistress. The lady, in order to discover on which two of his collection Praxiteles placed the highest value, practised the following stratagem. She sent a message to inform him, that a fire had burst out very near his cabinet. The artist immediately exclaimed, "I hope they will rescue the Cupid and the Satyr from the rage of the flames." His mistress some time after asked these statues of her lover, who could not extricate himself from his rash promise.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF AN USURER.

M. L——, the famous usurer, during his illness, frequently fell into fainting-fits, which exhibited the appearance of immediate dissolution. His friends, by great attention, and by calling in very able physicians, for some time protracted his life, and procured to the patient symptoms of returning health. One of these, his confessor thought a good opportunity of reminding the sick man of his approaching fate. To effect this pious intention, he presented before the eyes of the expiring usurer a silver crucifix. M. L—— surveyed the cross with minute attention, and suddenly exclaimed—"Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON OF AN AUGUSTINE MONK.

When the preacher had arrived at the passage in the New Testament, where the Evangelist describes the servants of the High Priest warming themselves by the fire-side, he addressed his audience very solemnly, observing—"My brethren, ye are to notice that the Evangelist is not content to mention this circumstance merely as an historian would, by the words "*calefaciebant se*," they warmed themselves; but adds, in the spirit of a philosopher, the reason of their conduct, "*quia frigus erat*," because it was cold.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Queen Elizabeth of England gave an audience to some deputies from the States General of Holland. A young man belonging to the suite, on seeing the Queen, expressed in very licentious terms his admiration of her personal charms. The Queen, perceiving during the audience that the young man had uttered some speech which displeased the ladies who were near him, enquired what he had said. On being told, so far from

being angry at the indecorum of his language, she was pleased with the animated terms of his praise. *Reginam vitit Mulier* :—"The Woman prevailed over the Queen."

M. SANTEUL.

M. Santeul coming into company, after having attended a very dull discourse, delivered by the Abbé C * * *, observed to his friends, that the Abbé had done better the year before.—"He did not preach then," replied one of the persons present.—"That is the very thing I mean," replied M. Santeul.

A SPARTAN BON MOT.

There are many persons of weak intellects who place great value on very frivolous accomplishments, and become very vain of possessing them. A stranger came to Lacedæmon to see the city, who had acquired the habit of standing a long time on one leg. Exhibiting this trick to a Spartan, he told him, vauntingly—"You could not preserve that posture so long."—"I know that," replied the Lacedæmonian, "but a goose can."

BON MOT OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Raillery is a figure of speech which ill becomes the dignity of Princes. Philip I. of France (when William had stayed so long at Rouen as to create a jealousy in the mind of the French King) sent a message to William, enquiring when he expected to be brought to bed. The terms of this message alluded to the very corpulent state under which William at that time laboured.—"When my time comes," retorted the Conqueror, "I shall be delivered, like Semele, in thunder!"—Had not William's death prevented the execution of the menace, France would have rued severely the unmanly taunt of Philip.

The following is an Extract from Cibber's Two Dissertations upon the Theatres, published in the year 1756. What would he say to our Theatres could he visit them?

"HAVE we not had a greater number of those unmeaning fopperies, miscalled entertainments, than was ever known to disgrace the stage in so few years? Has not every year produced one of these patch-work pantomimes? These masquing mummeries, replete with ribaldry, buffoonery, and nonsense; but void of invention, connection, humour, or instruction! These *Arabian* kickshaws, or *Chinese* festivals, these—call them what you please, as any one silly name will suit them all alike—these mockeries of sense—these larger kind of puppet-shows—these idle amusements for children, and holiday fools; as ridiculously gaudy as the glittering pageantry of a pastry cook's shop on a twelfth night!"

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

A traveller, whose attachment to the wines of Italy had shortened his day, lies in the church of the Holy Ghost at Sienna, with this epitaph:

'Vina dabant vitam, mortem mitri vina dedere,
'Sobrius auroram cernere non potui:
'Ossa merum sitiunt, vino consperge sepulchrum
'Et calice epoto, chare viator abi.
'Valete Potatores!'

"Wine, after being the joy of my life, proved the cause of my death; nor did I ever see the dawn of day sober. My bones are still dry; therefore, dear traveller, pour wine on my grave, and drinking a cup thyself, by way of *requiem* to my soul, go on and prosper.—Adieu, honest toppers!"

In a vault before the church of St. Nazaro, are eight stone coffins, being the repositories of part of the Trivulcio family. On one of them is this inscription :

‘ Johannes Jacobus Magnus Trivultius,

‘ Antonii Filius,

‘ Qui nunquam quievit, quiescit. Tace.

‘ Hush ! be silent !

‘ Here rests John James Magnus Trivulcio,

‘ The son of Antonio,

‘ Who till now never rested.’

HARANGUE OF AN ITALIAN QUACK DOCTOR.

“ Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom I desire no more, than that according to his righteousness he will deal with me at the last judgment, as I shall deal with you this day. I venture my whole substance out of a tender concern for your health, but the devil, that eternal enemy to all good, so blinds your eyes, that you look upon a few *sols* as if they were an hundred *scudis*, and thus neglect your own welfare, and that of your relations, which you might recover and confirm for a trifle.—If I take but a *doit* from you against my conscience, I wish I may be swallowing your melted money in hell, world without end, Amen,” &c.

CRITICAL WIT.

This author appears very fond of the Greek figure, *ὄρεγον πρότερον*, or the cart before the horse : for he begins with the sag end of the Spanish conquests ; cuts them off in the corner, and pieces in the description of Paraguay, belonging to the Portuguese, between Chili and Peru ; then he skims superficially over all the Spanish settlements in South America, like a swallow hunting flies over a fish pond ; thrusts in a meagre dissertation upon their colonies ; and concludes the volume
with

with the fragments of Paraguay and Brazil, which he had so prematurely fallen upon before.

Critical Review, March 1786—Robertson's Hist. of South America.

THE SPEAKING CRUCIFIX.

IN the *Capella del Santissimo Crocefisso* at Naples, is the crucifix which condescended to express its approbation of the writings of the celebrated Thomas d'Aquins, or Aquinas, (concerning the real presence of the body and blood of Christ in the Sacrament,) in these words: *Bene scripsisti, de me, Thoma, quam ergo mercedem accipies?* "Thomas, thou hast written well concerning me; what reward shall I give thee on that account? To which the doctor is said to have answered—*Non aliam nisi te ipsum.* "I'll have no other recompence but thyself."—In certain days of the year, this crucifix is with great pomp exposed to public view; but, at all other times, is not to be seen: seven different persons having in their custody as many different keys of the shrine in which it is kept.

Letter written by Mr. du Vernet, a young divine of Geneva, on account of a nocturnal entertainment given by the French President upon the birth of the father of Louis the Sixteenth.

Letter to the Moon, desiring her not to shew herself next Monday.

MADAM,

WHILST we are taken up with preparations for rejoicings on the happy birth of the Dauphin, Mr. *Almanachus*, our watchman, has just informed us, that your lunatic highness intends us your company. Besides doing us too much honour, to speak freely, your presence would be rather troublesome than agreeable: not that we are wanting in respect for a princess of your high rank, and who makes such a splendid figure

in the world. You are not, ignorant, Madam, that the fairest half of mankind peculiarly pay their homage to you; that not a few are so totally under your influence, as greatly deserving to bear your name, and that our astronomers spend whole nights in paying their court to you, like a *Spanish inamorado* under his mistress's balcony. If, notwithstanding this, Madam, we presume to decline the honour of your presence, it is from a motive which we persuade ourselves will not give offence: the compliment is by no means so coarse as it at first appears. You have been long since observed to avoid tumult, and the glare of day, appearing abroad only in the shade or silence of the night. This disposition could be but indifferently entertained at a festival, where the multitude of illuminations will turn night into day, and heaven and earth will ring with the thundering explosion of our artillery. Besides, the brightness of your beauty, if it raises admiration in some, it excites no less envy in others, who apprehend that they shall be totally eclipsed by it. Our vanity is for shining a little, and we too well know, that it would be disappointed by your presence among us. Indulge us for once in this trifling foible; your highness can never be at a loss for diversions elsewhere. If you are still of the same mind, as ancient philosophers thought, you may amuse yourself in causing the crawfish to grow, in filling the bones with marrow, and imperceptibly gnawing stones; or, according to the moderns, there is the more noble occupation of influencing the flowing and ebbing of the sea. We are not for sending you to preside at some birth; after that with which you have so lately blessed our eyes, it is by all means fit that you should have some respite. Formerly you were seen to ramble all over the world at the beck of a magician, you may return to that diversion, or if you have done with incantations, there is your old trade of hunting, which you may be supposed not to have forgot, and much less the soft hours which
you

you spent with the handsome *Endymion*; you may give him a rendezvous for that night, and be assured, that such an act of complaisance to us, on this occasion, shall not meet with misbecoming returns. We shall not disturb you in your *tete a tete*, nor so much as put an ill construction upon it; neither shall we blaze abroad all the nocturnal thefts to which your rigid modesty condescends to be privy. To do you the greater honour, all the half-moons of our fortifications will turn into whole moons; our star-gazers shall be prohibited from giving out that your face has spots upon it; and though you affect to give us a sight only of one side, we will take it for granted that the other is not inferior to it. Thus your highness sees that your favour will not be thrown away; and may we be permitted also to intimate to you, that it is not adviseable to put people out of humour at a time when your dominions begin to totter, lest you should no longer be consulted about planting, sowing, and paring the nails; nay, who knows but that the numbers who have lost their wits, may call upon you for restitution, being informed by *Ariosto*, that you have all the wit lost here below concealed in phials. After all, it is but a trifle—that is requested of you—it will even make for your glory; for it must be acknowledged, that the endeavour to dispense with your presence favours of temerity, of which, however, you will soon be revenged, by the universal desire of seeing you the very next day: yet, Madam, if you are absolutely determined to come, we pray, that at least it may be masked and *incog*. Deities are said usually to wrap themselves up in a cloud, and with such an envelope, your presence will not be objected against. We were in no small perplexity how to transmit this letter to you, but at length it was proposed to make use of a rocket, when the shade of *Cirans de Bergerue** kindly came

* See a Voyage to the Moon, written by the same author, recommended by the Earl of Cork, in his account of Dean Swift.

and offered us his service. As he has already made the voyage, and has the honour of being known to you, we are the more inclined to hope for success in this request. Wishing that a perpetual serenity may dwell on your august countenance, and recommending ourselves to your benign influence, we are, with profound respect,

Your lunatic highness's most humble, &c.

ORIGINAL BON MOT.

A lady and gentleman, a few evenings ago, were conversing upon the science of *grammar*—"Pray, madam," said the gentleman, "what part of speech is a *kiss*?"—"Aye, what is it?" replied the lady.—"A *substantive*, I believe, Madam."—"Is it a noun proper, or common?" interrogated the lady.—"*Proper*, madam."—"No," rejoined she, "I think its both *proper* and *common*."—The reader may guess what followed.

G. H.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. III.]

"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool."

SHAKESPEARE.

AMIDST the general frivolity of the age, perhaps there is no science so little understood as the science of Folly; nor do I remember to have seen a single treatise on the Wisdom of being a Fool. Yet is there much to be learnt from this source, and many salutary effects to be derived from so trivial an art.

For one, I have long thought, that half of our disappointments in ordinary life are the consequences of an over-strained wisdom. The supercilious dignity of the pedant, and the prudish severity of the demirep; the sanctimonious scrupulosity of the bigot, and the in-
flexible

flexible regulations of honour, are alike the offsprings of imaginary greatness. To acquire the reputation of sense, it is not necessary to be sensible, any more than it is to be pious in order to wear the semblance of piety : but, to unite sense with condescension, and the essentials of piety with those of politeness, is a perfection not easily acquired. We rarely see them combined. Virtue is too often repulsive, and vice seldom uninviting. Vice, to become alluring, invests herself with the appearance of virtue ; while virtue is ever defeating her own loveliness by wearing the asperities of vice. These are subjects for serious regret. They shew, it is true, the beauty of virtue, but they shew also the efficiency of vice.

Pleasure is the enchantress of man. Our very pains are the skeletons of pleasure. But for this, it is probable that evil would never have gained an empire in the world : for nothing but the promise of pleasure can seduce us from the path of rectitude. Some peculiar gratification which we have chosen as the vehicle of happiness (for pleasure is mostly ideal) proposes itself to our view, and we risk every thing to obtain what we regard as important to our peace : this exposes us to contentions ; and disappointment but irritates desire : hence the broils and assassinations which deform our private walks, and the bloodshed which hath inundated worlds.

But we proposed a less weighty discourse : and, if we have extended our subject by tracing the influence of hypocrisy, so intimately connected with it ; and the composition of pleasure as exerted on the actions of man ; let us resume our lighter intentions.

Let any one look about in the world, and he will find ample cause to regret that wisdom is not more dignified with folly. I say, more dignified with folly ; for folly should be to wisdom as a handsome frame to an excellent picture. It is for want of this admirable union, that wisdom looks so unamiable. How, in the
name

name of reason, are society to be reformed by his instructions, who thinks them too foolish for instruction? Often have I seen those who were disposed to learn, and who sought, with the most lamb-like submission, some information from a literary character, repelled by this owl of science; whose mislead eyes were importantly turned from the child of vacant simplicity: What a contrast in the accomplished Marcius:—he, though versed in the best systems of natural, moral, and historical philosophy, is ever ready to give information, even to those who are least willing to cultivate his kindness; and, so fearful is he to offend the feelings of his auditors, by a seeming ostentation or pride, that, when he has had questions repeated from those who could not clearly attend to his instructions, I have seen him more distressed than the most ignorant of men. Why so few of the literati like a Marcius? I know a person whose austere Christianity has made seven infidels of his children; and a woman whose squeamish morality hurried her daughter to the paths of seduction! Christianity and morality, however, have better supporters, though they have not more destructive enemies than are to be found amongst the number of their professors. Whenever Felix calls his little family to the devotions of the day, I see those who are in love with religion, from the amiable conduct of him who acts up to its divine injunctions. His family are the willing copies of so benevolent a friend. Elmira, for these many years, has been the only preceptor of her Emma; and that Emma is the sprightly child of innocence, for she never knew the voice of reproof, when reproof was inconsistent with truth. During the last winter I visited this happy mother, for happiness is the order of her house; and, to oblige her Emma, saw her mingle in the youthful dance with all the cheerfulness and much of the vigour of those with whom she mingled.

In that great estimate of the late Lord Chatham, the author says—"The ordinary feelings, which make life amiable and indolent, were unknown to him. No domestic

domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him ; but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to council and to decide." Such a character, we must say, without an intent to depreciate this mighty statesman, may attract the eye of public admiration, but, like West's sublime representation of "Death on the Pale Horse," it is only to be viewed at a distance ; it will never claim the humbler admiration of love.—Too well indeed, do we know, that men have imbibed a false principle of greatness, which leads them to conceal those *weaknesses* which constitute the *excellence* of humanity. Thus Richlieu, when he could retire from observation, amused himself by jumping about his room ; while in public, he concealed the man in the extended celebrity of the minister. Richlieu might have possessed many other valuable foibles, now irrecoverably lost, which he repressed as incompatible with his dignity : yet, were not these *blemishes* amiable ? Which was the most endearing character : Cato, who practised a stoic apathy in all the gentle relations of life ; or Cicero, whose affections to his family gave a nerve to his public voice ? Would Terentia have resigned Cicero, as Marcia resigned Cato ? For my part, when I see the enraged Coriolanus forego the destruction of his country for the affection which he bore to his mother and his wife ; the supine Brutus roused to patriotism and immortality by the bleeding injuries of Lucretia ; and a Cæsar melted into tears on seeing the head of his enemy—Pompey ; I cannot, such is my weakness, but consider these as more exalted instances, than if the first had shewn a philosophical indifference to the ties of kindred and of nature ; the next treated the rape of Lucretia as a common instance of debauchery ; and the third expressed a malignant triumph at the sight of the mangled Roman.

Having enumerated some instances, both of a public
and

and a private nature, evincing the excellency of those dispositions which adorn our milder hours, and the nature of a perfection which, if perfectly attainable, would disgrace and brutalize man; having shewn that the evils which we lament originate from an "overstrained wisdom,"—a want of that admixture of Folly and Wisdom which distinguishes, enobles, and endears the highest order of merit; it should seem that we have compassed our aim. But, as we have talked particularly to the philosophical, we would say a little to the religious stoic.

Except in the times of a Calvin, when the powerful corruptions of Rome-papal, opposing the advancement of all reform, gave birth to that invective and virulence so fatally conspicuous in some of the early champions of the Reformation, except in these times, and times of like distress, one might hope that the spirit of intolerance had ceased to rave; and that the cold-hearted enmity of its disciples no longer existed. Would to God, that the close of the eighteenth century confirmed this auspicious hope! There are characters who, while they reprobate the speculative scepticism of the day, and profess the philanthropy of Jesus, extend that philanthropy only to *themselves*, and are sceptics, implacable sceptics, to the voice of Nature and benevolence. Indeed, to Philosophy alone, much as it is now perverted, we may not attribute our misfortunes; the true soul of Christianity has ceased to animate the majority of its professors: happily for afflicted man, the corruptions of christianity are not Christianity; nor the perversions of science the spirit of Philosophy.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON.

London Published May 1797 by H.D. Symonds Paternoster Row.

MEMOIRS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ENCOMPASSED as we are by scenes of tumult and distress, it is some consolation to reflect, that the hour of convulsion and danger has ever preceded the establishment of concord. In the moral as in the physical, and in the political as in the natural world, there is a regular distribution of prosperity and decay. No quality is immutable; but every thing transient and periodical. The root of empire, however skilfully planted, cannot flourish in immortal vigour. In its progress towards maturity, other scions than those of patriotism will be grafted on its strength; while luxury, that inseparable from a series of national exultation, ripens these insidious shoots. Amid such times, when tyranny gives birth to resistance—and wealth to discontent, there are never wanting those who, under the pretence of benevolence, would enrich themselves with the general spoil: but how seldom is the man to be found who seeks the distinction only to become the father of his country? Such a character is indeed scarce: yet, such a character is George Washington.

The birth-places of illustrious men are often the subjects of contention: and England, who once stigmatized him as a rebel, has since contended for the honour of Washington's nativity. Within a few months it has been publicly asserted, that Carlisle was the first scene of his existence; an assertion totally unfounded. England, it is true, was the soil of his ancestors; but his family, as early even as the year 1657, were settled in America: and he, in the third descent after their migration, was born on the 11th of February, (old style) 1732, at the parish of Washington, in Westmoreland county, in Virginia. His father's family was numerous; and himself the first product of a second marriage. His education was principally conducted by a private tutor; at fifteen years old he was entered a

midshipman on board of a British vessel of war stationed on the coast of Virginia, and his baggage prepared for embarkation: but the plan was abandoned on account of the reluctance which his mother expressed to his engaging in that profession. Like Cromwell, though by different means, and with different views, he was prevented from leaving that country which he was shortly destined to conduct.

When he was about ten years of age, his father died; and his eldest brother, to whom the charge of the family now devolved, did not long survive their parent. On the decease of this brother, as the eldest son by the second marriage, he inherited the patrimonial mansion of Mount Vernon, with a considerable landed property; and, in consequence of the extensive limits of the colony, the office of adjutant-general being divided into three districts, the *future hero of America*, before he attained his twentieth year, began his military service by a principal appointment in that department, with the rank of major.

In 1753, when he was little more than twenty-one years of age, an event occurred which called his abilities into public notice. While the government of the colony was administered by lieutenant-governor Dinwiddie, encroachments were reported to have been made by the French, from Canada, on the territories of the British colonies, at the westward. Young Mr. Washington, who was sent with plenary powers, to ascertain the facts, treat with the savages, and warn the French to desist from their aggressions, performed the duties of his mission with singular industry, intelligence, and address. His journal, and report to governor Dinwiddie, announced to the world that correctness of mind, manliness in style, and accuracy in the mode of doing business, which have since characterised him in the conduct of more arduous affairs. Troubles still subsisting on the frontiers, the colony of Virginia raised the next year a regiment of troops for their defence. Mr. Fry,
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one of the professors of the college, was appointed colonel of this corps, and Major Washington received the commission of lieutenant-colonel. But Colonel Fry dying that summer, without having joined it, he left his regiment and rank to the second in command. Here, in forming his regiment, establishing magazines, and conducting his troops, were exhibited the full talents of Colonel Washington.

The arrival of General Braddock from England, in 1755, with two veteran regiments from Ireland, and a royal arrangement of rank, by which "no officer who did not immediately derive his commission from the king, could command one who did," induced Colonel Washington to relinquish his regiment, and enter as an extra aid-de-camp into the family of General Braddock.

In this capacity, at the battle of Monongahela he attended that General, whose life was gallantly sacrificed in attempting to extricate his troops from the fatal ambushade into which his over-weening confidence had conducted them. Braddock had several horses shot under him before he fell himself; and there was not an officer, whose duty obliged him to be on horseback that day, excepting Colonel Washington, who was not either killed or wounded. This circumstance enabled him to display greater abilities in covering the retreat, and saving the wreck of the army, than he could otherwise have done. As soon as he had secured their passage over the ford of the Monongahela, and found they were not pursued, he hastened to concert measures for their further security with Colonel Dunbar, who had remained with the second division and heavy baggage at some distance in the rear. To effect this, he travelled with two guides all night, through an almost impervious wilderness, notwithstanding the fatigues he had undergone in the day, and notwithstanding he had so imperfectly recovered from sickness, that he was obliged in the morning to be supported with cushions on his horse.

The public accounts in England and America were not parsimonious of applause for the essential service he had rendered on so trying an occasion.

Not long after this time, the regulation of rank, which had been so injurious to colonial officers, was changed to their satisfaction, in consequence of the discontent of the officers, and the remonstrance of Colonel Washington; and the Supreme Authority of Virginia, impressed with a due sense of his merits, gave him, in a new and extensive commission, the command of all the troops raised, and to be raised, in that colony.

It would not comport with the intended brevity of this sketch, to mention in detail the plans he suggested, or the system he pursued for defending the frontiers, till the year 1758, when he commanded the van brigade of General Forbes's army in the capture of Fort du Quesne. A similar reason will preclude the recital of the personal hazards and achievements which happened in the course of his service. The tranquillity on the frontiers of the middle colonies having been restored by the success of this campaign, and the health of Colonel Washington having become extremely debilitated by an inveterate pulmonary complaint, in 1759 he resigned his military appointment. Authentic documents are not wanting to shew the tender regret which the Virginia line expressed at parting with their commander, and the affectionate regret which he entertained for them.

His health was gradually re-established. He married Mrs. Custis *, a handsome and amiable young widow, possessed of an ample jointure, and settled as a planter and farmer on the estate where he now resides in Fairfax county. After some years he gave up planting tobacco, and went altogether into the farming business. He has raised seven thousand bushels of wheat, and ten

* General and Mrs. Washington were both born in the same year.

thousand of Indian corn in one year. Although he has confined his own cultivation to this domestic tract of about nine thousand acres, yet he possesses excellent lands, in large quantities, in several other counties.— His judgment in the quality of soils, his command of money to avail himself of purchases, and his occasional employment in early life as a surveyor, gave him opportunities of making advantageous locations, many of which are much improved.

After he left the army, until the year 1775, he thus cultivated the arts of peace. He was constantly a Member of Assembly, a Magistrate of his county, and a Judge of the Court. He was elected a Delegate to the first Congress in 1774, as well as to that which assembled in the year following. Soon after the war broke out he was appointed, by Congress, Commander in Chief of the forces of the United Colonies.

(To be continued.)

RISE AND PROGRESS

OF THE

PRESENT SYSTEM OF GAMING.

(From the Fourth Edition of the Treatise on the Police.)

(Concluded from page 256.)

ALTHOUGH it is impossible to be perfectly accurate in any Estimate which can be formed, for in this, as in all other cases where calculations are introduced in this work, accuracy to a point is not to be expected; yet when all circumstances are considered, there appear just grounds to suppose that the following statement, placing the whole in one connected point of view, may convey to the reader no very imperfect idea of the vast and unparalleled extent of this horrid mischief:

GAMING.

	Persons attached.	Money played for nightly.	Yearly aggregate lost & won.
I. 7 Subscription Houses open one third of the year, or 100 nights, suppose	1000	£. 2000	£. 1,400,000
II. 15 Houses of a superior class one third of the year, or 100 nights, suppose	3000	2000	3,000,000
III. 15 Houses of an inferior class one half of the year, or 150 nights, suppose	3000	1000	2,225,000
IV. 6 Ladies Gaming Houses, 50 nights, suppose	1000	2000	600,000
			<hr/> 7,225,000

Fraudulent Insurances in the Lottery.

350 Insurance Offices at 100l. a day average, during the 33 days of the Irish Lottery	£. 1,155,000
400 Insurance Offices at 150l. a day average, during the 33 days of the English Lottery	1,980,000
	<hr/> 3,135,000
Total	<hr/> 10,460,000

* The longer the Lottery continues, the greater the evil. A Lottery of 60,000 tickets is therefore a much greater evil than of 50,000; and that in a ratio more than proportionate to the number in each.

This aggregate is only to be considered as shewing the mere interchange of property from one hand to another; yet when it is recollected that the operation must progressively produce a certain loss, with not many exceptions, to all the innocent and unsuspecting adventurers

rurers either at Pharo or the Lottery, with an almost uniform gain to the proprietors, the result is shocking to reflect upon.—To individual families in easy circumstances where this unfortunate mania prevails, as well as to the mass of the people who are fascinated by the delusion of the Lottery Insurances, it is the worst of all misfortunes.—By seizing every opportunity to take advantage of this unhappy bias, it is no uncommon thing to see the penniless miscreant of to-day become the opulent gambler of to-morrow; leaving the unhappy sufferers often no alternative but exiled beggary, or a prison; or, perhaps, rendered desperate by reflecting on the folly of their conduct, to end their days by suicide,* while wives, children, and dependants, are suddenly reduced from affluence to the lowest abyss of misery.

In contemplating these vast establishments of regular and systematic fraud and depredation upon the public, in all the hideous forms which they assume, nothing is so much to be lamented as the unconquerable spirit which draws such a multitude of the lower ranks of society into the vortex of the Lottery.

The agents in this iniquitous system, availing themselves of the existence of the delusion, spare no pains to keep it alive; so that the evil extends far and wide, and the mischiefs, distresses, and calamities resulting from it, were it possible to detail them, would form a catalogue of sufferings of which the opulent and luxurious have no conception.

With a very few exceptions, all the proprietors of the Gambling-houses are also concerned in the fraudulent Insurance-offices; and have a number of clerks employed during the drawing of the two Lotteries, who conduct the business without risk, in counting-

* The Gambling and Lottery transactions of one individual in this great metropolis, are said to be productive of from ten to fifteen suicides annually.

houses where no insurances are taken; but to which books are carried, not only from all the different offices in every part of the town, but also from the Morocco-Men, who go from door to door taking insurances, and enticing the poor and the middle ranks to become adventurers.

In calculating the chances upon the whole numbers in the wheels, and the premiums which are paid, there is generally about 33 1-3d per cent. in favour of the Lottery Insurers; but when it is considered that the lower ranks, from not being able to recollect or comprehend high numbers, always fix on low ones, the chance in favour of the insurer is greatly increased, and the deluded poor are plundered to an extent which really exceeds all calculation.

Of how much importance therefore is it to the public at large, to see these evils suppressed; and above all, this novel system annihilated, by which Gambling Establishments are formed upon commercial principles of methodical arrangements, with vast capitals employed for the most infamous and diabolical purposes.

Let those who have acquired wealth in this way be satisfied with what they have gotten, and with the misery their gains have occasioned to ruined thousands: let them abstain from employing it in channels calculated to extend these evils. The Law is generally slow in its operations; but it seldom fails to overtake the guilty at last.

To this Confederacy, powerful in wealth, and unrestrained by those considerations of moral rectitude which govern the conduct of other men engaged in the common pursuits of life, is to be attributed those vast additional hazards to which the young and inexperienced are at present subjected—hazards, which not only did not exist before these establishments were matured and moulded into system; but which are now considerably increased, from its becoming a part of the general arrangements to employ men of genteel exterior, (and it

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is to be feared too, in many instances, of good connections,) who, having been ruined by the delusion, descend, as a means of subsistence, to accept the degrading office of seeking out those customers, whose access to money render them proper objects to be ensnared: for such is the nature of this new system of destruction, that while a young man entering upon life, conceives himself honoured by the friendship and acquaintance of those who are considered to be men of fashion, and of good connections, he is deluded by splendid entertainments into the snare, which afterwards robs him of his property and peace of mind.

At no period, therefore, has it been more necessary to exercise caution and prudence than under the circumstances already explained; since men, likely to sport away property, are now *sought for*: formerly they were permitted to *seek out* the road to ruin; but the system adopted in the present situation of things, is to furnish a guide.

Such are the arrangements of this alarming and mischievous confederacy, for the purpose of plundering the thoughtless and unwary.—The evidence given in the Court of King's Bench, in an action, tried for Gaming, on the 29th November, 1796, fully develops the shocking system of fraud which is pursued, after the inexperienced and unwary are entrapped into these receptacles of ruin and destruction *. It ought not only to

* The following is the substance of the most striking parts of the evidence of John Shepherd, in an action for Gaming, tried in the King's-Bench, 29th of November, 1796:

“The witness saw Hazard played at the Gaming-house of the defendant, in Leicester-street.—Every person who was three times successful, paid the defendant a silver medal, which he purchased from him on entering the house, at eight for a guinea, and he received six or seven of these in the course of an hour for the Box Hands, as it was called. The people who frequented this house always played for a considerable sum.

to serve as a beacon to every young man of property carefully to avoid such snares; but also as an induce-

sum. Sometimes £20 or £30 depended on a single throw of the dice. The witness remembered being once at the defendant's Gaming-house, about three or four o'clock in the morning, when a gentleman came in very much in liquor.—He seemed to have a great deal of money about him.—The defendant said he had not intended to play, but now he would set too with this fellow.—He then scraped a little wax with his finger off one of the candles and put the dice together, so that they came seven every way. After doing this, he dropped them into the box and threw them out, and afterwards drew all the money away, saying he had won it.—*Seven* was the main, and he could not throw any thing but *seven*. The young gentleman said he had not given him time to *bar*.—A dispute arose between the defendant and him.—It was referred to two or three persons who were round the table, and they gave it in favour of the defendant.—The gentleman said he had lost upwards of 70l.—The defendant said, *we have cleared him*.—The witness has seen a man pawn his watch and ring in several instances; and once he saw a man pawn his coat and go away without it.

“After the Gaming-table was broken by the Bow-street Officers, the defendant said it was too good a thing to be given up, and instantly got another table, large enough for twenty or thirty people.—The frequenters of this house used to play till day-light; and on one or two occasions, they played all the next day. This is what the defendant called, *sticking to it rarely*. The guests were furnished with wine and suppers gratis, from the funds of the partnership, in abundance.—Sunday was a grand day. The witness has seen more than forty people there at a time. The table not being sufficient for the whole, half-a-crown used on such occasions to be given for a feat, and those behind looked over the backs of the others and betted.”

The person above-mentioned (whose name was Smith) who pawned his coat, corroborated the above evidence; and added, that he had seen a person, after he had lost all his money, throw off his coat and go away, losing it also.

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ment to great public bodies, who employ a number of clerks, as well as to bankers, merchants, warehousemen and others, to warn and admonish the persons entrusted with money in their employment, of the imminent danger and inevitable ruin which an attachment to Gaming or the Lottery must produce; thereby putting them upon their guard against the frauds which may be practised to seduce them into this fatal vice.

It will also occur to parents and guardians to be vigilant in marking the conduct of young men under their charge, and to warn them of the infamous plans which are laid to work their ruin and destruction.

Nor ought less attention to be bestowed in guarding menial servants, and the labouring people in general, from the delusion of the Lottery.—An attention to this object would be an act of great charity and humanity, and in its consequences might produce infinitely more benefit than any sum of money, however extensive, that could be raised for a charitable purpose: for it would in general prevent the necessity of those liberal donations, which become necessary more from the thoughtless prodigality, and the ill-regulated œconomy of the poor, arising in too many instances from the numerous temptations which a great metropolis affords, than from any actual necessity.

But when our views are extended to the destruction of morals, and to the shocking waste of time, as well as the waste of property, which attaches to these pursuits, there is no branch of political œconomy so important, or so truly worthy the systematic attention of men of fortune and virtue, as the means of checking, by gentle palliatives, the destructive vices of the labouring people.—To render them happy, they should be taught frugality and virtue. To abandon them to their ill-regulated passions and propensities, which often arise more from ignorance than bad intentions, is an act of cruelty to them, and injustice to the community.

Thus

Thus it is that those multifarious crimes are engendered, which it has been the object of the author to develope in the course of this work.

While, therefore, we deplore the miserable condition of those numerous classes of delinquents who have unfortunately multiplied, with the same rapidity that the great wealth of the metropolis has increased—while their errors and crimes are exposed only for the purpose of amendment—a prospect happily opens for the adoption of those remedies which may prove the means of giving a seasonable check to immorality and crimes; so as, in their prevention, not only to protect the privileges of innocence, but also to render punishments very seldom necessary.

To witness the completion of legislative arrangements, operating so favourably to the immediate advantage and security of the metropolis, and extending by that means the same benefits to the country at large, would prove to the author of this work a very great and genuine source of happiness.

To the public, therefore, in general, and to the legislature in particular, does he look forward with confidence for that singular gratification, which, by giving effect to his well-meant endeavours for the prevention of crimes, will most amply reward the exertions he has used in the course of a very intricate and laborious investigation; in which his only object has been the good of his country.

London, Feb. 15, 1797.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. POPE.

MISS Elizabeth Younge, the late Mrs. Pope, was born between the years 1741 or 1742, and descended from a respectable family. Respectability by no means implies riches, although riches may rank with respectability; and the early loss of her father induced
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his numerous offspring to habits of industry and economy. Miss Younge was apprenticed to a milliner, and worked some time with the wife of Thompson, now a respectable actor at Covent Garden Theatre.

But her talents were not to be repressed; and, through the recommendations of a lady who had observed those talents, in the summer of 1768, she was introduced to the late Mr. George Garrick, then deputy manager of Drury-lane Theatre, and by him to his brother, the British Roscius. That gentleman encouraged her exertions; and, in the October of this year, she made her *debut* at Drury-lane, as Imogen, in Shakespeare's 'Cymbeline.'

Her second character she had attentively considered, and gave to the unfortunate *Jane Shore* all that pathos which affects the heart. Barry, however, and his wife, the Hastings and Alicia of the evening, having expressed some reluctance to perform with the new actress, Mr. Garrick, on the second night's performance, assumed the part of Hastings himself; and immediately afterwards entrusted her with the part of Ovisia, in Colonel Dow's 'Zingis.' As a further proof of the esteem with which Garrick regarded the talents of Miss Younge, we need only mention to those who knew the manager, that after her third night, he voluntarily raised her salary from forty shillings to three pounds; and towards the close of that season, or the beginning of the next, placed her on the list at five pounds per week.

It is to be lamented that the parsimony of Garrick, at the end of her second season, refused to advance her salary. If a Yates and a Barry eclipsed, by their uncommon abilities, the immature performances of Miss Younge, there were instances wherein the caprices of those great ladies could only be corrected by the diligence of our heroine. Ever and anon were their fancies and their schisms productive of theatrical broils: they could not play on this night, and would not on the next. From the dilemmas which this conduct occa-

sioned, the manager was happily extricated by the unremitting improvement of Miss Younge. These considerations, which were not suffered to detain her when here, accelerated her return from Ireland. At this place, during the season of 1770 and 1771, she performed at Dublin. Her increasing fame, particularly in the character of Lady Rodolpha, in Macklin's "Man of the World," soon attracted the ears of Garrick, who dispatched Mr. Moody to offer her a *carte blanche*.—Moody called at her lodgings, left his compliments to Miss Younge, and begged to inform her that Major O'Flaherty had done himself the honour to wait upon her. When she returned home, and was informed of her visitor, she unsuspiciously desired that if the gentleman should call again, he might be told, that Miss Younge never saw any gentlemen, and that she had no acquaintance with any major of that or any other name. Moody laughed, and spoke a plainer language—he settled a new engagement with her speedily for Drury Lane; and, after playing two years at Capel-street, she returned to London in estimation and competence.

From this period Miss Younge's reputation as an actress took a more established form: she not only filled occasionally the principal characters in the cast of Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Crawford, but many of her chief enactions were cast in the same plays with Garrick; and she had the satisfaction of performing *Cordelia* to his *Lear* the last night but one of this great master's performance on the stage; which gave rise to the following incident:

After the dropping of the curtain, his hand still locked in her's—as is the *costume* in finishing this play—he led her down to the Green Room, where all the performers had gathered round him; and recollecting, with a sigh, that this was the last night but one that he was to appear in a profession which he so much ornamented, and which gave him so much immortality, he exclaimed, "Ah, Befs! this is the last time of my being your father,

ther, therefore you must now look out to be adopted by somebody else."—"Why, then, sir," said Miss Younge, —instantly falling on her knees before him—"Give me a father's blessing." Garrick, feeling her situation, and the impressive manner in which she spoke, replied with great energy, "God bless you!" Then, raising his eyes to the rest of the performers, he added, "God bless you all!" and instantly retired.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* * We promised to our Subscribers a Likeness of Mrs. Pope, and, pursuant to that promise, requested of Mr. Pope the only authentic portrait of his deceased wife. That gentleman, in terms which we feel a pleasure to acknowledge, informed us that the favour we had desired, was already granted to another periodical work. To give a *feigned* likeness of Mrs. Pope would neither do credit to ourselves, nor advance the reputation of our work.

THE FATAL

EFFECTS OF A CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

MR. EDITOR.

BEING, not long since, upon a visit to a friend, I accidentally met with a young couple, whose appearance, manners and behaviour, seeming above the situation they were in, my curiosity led me to enquire into their history, in which I could not help thinking there was something particular, nor was I mistaken; for my friend informed me, that they were brought up in expectation of a much more enlarged fortune than they at present possessed; that their families were nearly equal, and of moderate but sufficient fortunes. The young gentleman, by many considerable connections, had the fairest prospect of rising high in his profession: the

young lady from personal advantages, and an unexceptionable character, was thought worthy of a more superior marriage than her fortune entitled her to expect. So circumstanced these young people met, were mutually pleased with each other, and a marriage was proposed, but not so well approved of by the parents, whose objections not having sufficient weight with the lovers, they resolved not to abide by them, and were, after many fruitless solicitations for consent, married without the knowledge of either family. Time and parental affection, they hoped, would work out their forgiveness; but as yet they had been disappointed in their expectation, and they are obliged to retire, give up their worldly prospects, and solace themselves for those losses with the only consolation they have left, the pleasure of each other's company.

Many of the families in the neighbourhood have visited them, and shewn them every civility due to their merit and unfortunate circumstances; but as they are chiefly at a distance, and acquaintance that cannot be kept up without expence, I am told they greatly decline it, and seldom go from their own little habitation, where they live with the greatest frugality, but in perfect harmony, and seem only to want the return of parental affection to fill up the measure of their happiness; but every body may see, by being a little in their company, that there is a cloud which overcasts and darkens their joy, which otherwise would be complete; though my friend says, they never make their story the subject of conversation, but endeavour, as much as possible, to conceal it.

Being affected with this story, it brought to my mind something of a similar kind which happened in France, some years ago; and as I think it cannot fail moving every humane breast, and striking particularly those whose circumstances at all resemble it, I shall relate it simply as it happened, and I hope that it may move the inflexibility of those who have it in their power so easily

to complete the happiness of this deserving couple, who, surely, have a natural claim to their protection. Without further preface then, the fact was this :

A gentleman of distinguished birth, but little known in the world, who lived chiefly upon his estate, and who seldom left his own castle, had two sons : the eldest of whom being at the celebration of a friend's nuptials, fell in love with a young lady, who had left a convent (where she had been for some time) to assist at the same ceremony. She was a younger daughter of a good family, but of small fortune, handsome, and universally esteemed. Their passion became reciprocal, and though the young gentleman (whom I will here call young Bevil) was aware of his father's dislike to a match by which he would impoverish, not aggrandize his fortune, he flattered himself that his affection for him, which had always been very great, would prevail over these wordly considerations, and that he should in time be able to gain his consent to a connection, on which his whole happiness depended. But the father, who had other views for his son, and who had actually fixed on another lady for him, peremptorily refused, telling him at the same time that he would never urge him to a marriage he should disapprove of, but he would not countenance one so little agreeable to his fortune and situation ; " and if," added he, " notwithstanding what I say, Mademoiselle becomes your wife, remember (I tell you) that you will repent of it." This was all Bevil could get from his father, who continued to live with him upon the same terms as usual : the lover concealed this fatal stroke from the young lady as long as he could, but when he was obliged to discover it, she refused to carry on the correspondence, but her affection bearing down her prudence, she consented to a private marriage, hoping that the father might be wrought upon, or that it might remain a secret till his death, as he was then old and infirm. It was not till a year and a half had elapsed, that the father in the least suspected the con-

nection, when he taxed his son with it, who was afraid to own it, though he could not deny it with the calm assurance of those who speak the truth. "It is well," said the father, "I wish there may be nothing in it; but if you have deceived me you know the consequences, and I shall keep my word." These suspicions were soon confirmed by various circumstances; he no longer doubted his son's imprudence, and took his measures accordingly.

Nearly about the same time, young Bevil's wife lay-in of a daughter, who was put out to be nursed by the wife of one of the neighbouring peasants, who was a tenant of her grandfather's. A few months afterwards, the old gentleman, whose health was greatly impaired, was seized when on horseback with a sudden giddiness, which obliged his servants to carry him to the first house they came to, which happened to be the very cottage where his son's infant was at nurse: the babe was then lying on a man's lap, who was trying to get a little milk down her throat. When he came a little to himself, the first thing that took his attention was the little child, whom he observed looked pale and almost dying. He then told the poor man that what he was doing would be of no service, for that the child wanted a nurse: the man said he was afraid it was in danger, but that his wife, who had suckled it, was ill of a fever—that her milk had left her, and the messenger he had sent to the parents to inform them of it, was not yet returned. "The danger seems great indeed," replied the old gentleman; "is there no woman to be found? It grieves me to see it thus." "And it would grieve you still more, if you knew whose it was," said the poor woman, who was on her bed and heard what passed. "To whom then does it belong?" replied he, with some emotion. "Alas! Sir," said the peasant, "I should not have dared to tell you, as I know that your son married without your approbation, but since my wife has said so

so much, I must inform you that it is *Monf. de Bevil's* daughter.'

The father was a minute without speaking, but recollecting himself, he looked on the infant with a tender concern :—" Poor thing !" said he, " that has never offended me ;" and then calling one of his servants,—" Make haste," said he, " to the castle ; I recollect that my gardener's wife yesterday lost a son whom she suckled ; tell her to come hither, to take immediate charge of this child, and that I will pay her for it."— Being quite recovered, he caressed the child, mounted his horse, and pursued his ride. Scarce was he out of sight, when young *Bevil* came with another nurse, to whom the peasant related what had passed : the son, penetrated with the goodness of a father who was still so tender, though offended, followed him with all haste to shew his gratitude for such unexpected kindness. The old gentleman, (not doubting of his motive) stopped when he saw him coming, whilst *Bevil* threw himself at his father's feet, with tears in his eyes, which deprived him of the power of speech.—" I know what brings you here," said he, moved with his son's behaviour : " your child needed assistance, I procured it for her ; if it comes soon enough, I shall not leave the work incomplete ; I would not have saved a life to expose it to misfortunes. Go, *Bevil*, your daughter shall be my daughter ; let them bring her to me ; bring your wife also ; from this day look on that apartment in the castle which was your mother's as your own, and let me find you all there when I return at night. I have already too long delayed changing my behaviour towards you ; what has passed is now forgot. Adieu ; I shall soon return." *Bevil*, who was still on his knees, could only thank his tender parent by bathing his hands with his tears ; nor did he quit this posture till the old gentleman left him, when he returned to the cottage, took the child to the castle, and left it there with the gardener's

gardener's wife, whilst he went to inform the mother of the happy change in their affairs: Bevil, with his dear Amanda, hurried to the castle with the utmost impatience; and when they arrived there, instead of the joyful reception they had pleased themselves with accepting, they met only a servant, who was coming to inform them, that the father was seized with an apoplexy, which had carried him off suddenly. What a blow was this to Bevil! and, to add to his misfortune, the father had made a will, in which he had left all his estate to his second son, charging it only with a very small annuity for the eldest. These were the dispositions he proposed changing, and for want of which this young couple were reduced almost to penury.

The consequence of this was the death of Bevil; who, unable to bear so great a shock, and to see the woman he doated on reduced to so necessitous a state, together with a helpless infant exposed to all the terrors of indigence, languished out some months, and then died—a martyr to his own imprudence, and his father's inflexibility.

The widow did not long survive him, and their little fortunes joined were just sufficient to place the pledge of their ill-fated love in a convent, where she may yet possibly live to reproach her parents for exposing her to a life productive of so little felicity.

Thus, sir, was the fact, without ornament or addition; and if it should be a means of preventing the like consequences from attending the young people who brought this to my recollection, I am sure you will think yourself amply repaid for your trouble.

Your's, &c.

BENEVOLUS.

PLACENTIA.

PLACENTIA.

A CHARACTER.

—————Long she flourished,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye.

OTWAY.

LONG has the epithet, "Old Maid," been considered as a term of reproach; and long has this unfortunate class of the fair sex been hunted down, like the timid hare, because they possess not power to repel the repeated attacks of the ungenerous and unfeeling of both sexes.——Insensate must that heart be, which can refuse a tear of commiserative pity to the female whose virtue and tender sensibility may have placed her on the list of antiquated virgins.——Placentia, in the bloom of youth, when the roseate hue of health adorned her vivid cheek; when each succeeding year presented still a fairer prospect, received the addresses of young Philander: two happy years passed away in all the sweets of courtship: the gentle Placentia, whose tongue ever spoke the dictates of her heart, nor ever vibrated on the ear but in accents of the purest, most ingenuous truth, suspected not perfidy in him who had long enjoyed her confidence, and whose heart she thought she possessed in exchange for her own——Mistaken fair!—The false Philander deserved not such a heart. His groveling soul never felt the soft emotions of real love. Skilled in the arts of base dissimulation, a pretended passion flowed from his delusive tongue, while his heart remained

"Cold as a dead lover's statue on a tomb."

He did not rob her of her virtue?—No; that was guarded by a superior power; but he robbed her of her affections—he robbed her of her peace of mind; he plunged an ideal dagger in her soul, and then, like the
dark

dark assassin, left her, a deserted wanderer on the world's wide common.

Placentia sustained the keenest anguish, with a virtuous fortitude that would have added glory to the name of Portia. Oft, when the tear has started in her eye, checking the impulse of grief, she would exclaim, "Go false youth, *you* have triumphed, it is true; but never shall *another* flatterer say, that Placentia listened to his idle tale—no, I abjure the sex! I fly from them for ever."

In spite of her fortitude, however, memory would present his image to her fancy; nor could her reluctant bosom suppress the rising sigh.—On a small paternal fortune she had since retired to the country, where mild benevolence, and meek-eyed charity, attend her every action: from her door the distressed traveller never retires unrelieved; the laborious sons of poverty, in the surrounding village, never sink on the bed of sickness for want of her consolatory assistance, nor does declining age drop neglected to the grave, while Placentia possesses ought that can protract the faint flame of life.—She encourages matrimonial connections among the young rustics of the village, for she is conscious that matrimony, when attended by virtue, is the happiest state of mortality; but she is conscious also, that *she* cannot enjoy that happiness.—A variety of overtures have been made to induce her to change her condition, but in vain; her bosom, unlike that of the volatile coquette, is incapable of a second passion. Advantage has often been urged, by her friends, as a plea; but her answer always is, "I hope I possess more generosity than to give my hand where my heart cannot accompany it." Thus is the proof against every attack; yet it cannot be said that she is lost to the world—no; perhaps in a single state, she is of more essential service to humanity, than if her hand had been in the possession of the perfidious Philander, nay, even if he had been worthy of her; for Placentia is one of those old
maids

maids who take virtue for their model, and whose actions are guided by motives of the purest philanthropy.

HORATIO.

THE PLAINTIFF.

[No. III.]

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH I do not esteem the unqualified scope of your advice, yet I am compelled to acknowledge its force. I cannot attribute it to that advice, or I should hold you in eternal hatred, but so it was, that, before the arrival of your Number, Jonathan had departed with my NEICE. They are now married; and I shall endeavour to repress my concern.

SENIX.

Manchester, March 12, 1797.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

SIR,

It has been observed, on the present rage for music, "that our ears were better than our *understandings*." The man who made this observation was an acute sort of a man, and it highly credited his sagacity. You, however, may not have observed accordingly; in which case, I do intreat that you will attend to the under-written circumstances.

I am a plain country curate; and there was a time when the plainness of my cure accorded with the plainness of my sentiments. But, *tempora mutantur, et nos mutantur in illos*: the times are changed, and we are changed with them. The old church, where I have long stood forth, wears the appearance of elder times, and agrees, in that appearance, with the doctrines which I teach. My flock too seemed suited both to their church and their curate. I had hoped that our simplicity would have lasted, for my labours were numerously

merously attended, though our gentry made no part of my audience: and so it would, had not my rector disliked the smallness of his morning congregation, which was mostly genteel; as our gentry, if they go there at all, make it a rule to go to church in the morning. He planned many a stratagem to repair this defect. He could not relish empty pews in the forenoon, and full ones in the afternoon: it was not palatable, even to my rector. This was not to be borne, sir, and his invention suggested to him a remedy.

For these years, Mr. Editor, nay, ever since the moment of its foundation, the parish-church of—— knew nought of melody except the melody of human piety. It needed not the aid of an organ to inspire the parishioners with devotion. But an organ, now, so tasty and pleasurable, was proposed by our rector, as an helpmate to the divine service; and an organ is now to be seen in our gallery, as it is sometimes to be heard in our church. I repeat it, sometimes, for this organ is only heard on the Sunday morning—a device which has fully answered the purposes of its proposer. Would you believe it, sir, his stratagem has prospered, and continues to prosper! The church, heretofore empty at that hour, is now thronged during the morning service, and neglected, except by a pious few, during the whole of the afternoon duties. And why? Because that organ which plays in the morning is not permitted to play in the afternoon.

I had imagined, my views being seldom extended to concerns irrelevant to my own, that this mania for organs was confined to my inexperienced flock; and that even these, after the novelty of the instrument had worn off, would return to their wonted manners. Very different indeed are the scenes which I witness. Many parishes, I am informed, and well informed too, are infected with this musical ton: while my own parishioners,

rishioners, so far from amending in this their dereliction from genuine religion, seem confirmed in their apostacy. If these particulars should be read by a friend to Christianity, perhaps he will not be surprized, however he may smile, at the change which I would propose to the Episcopal Bench. My

PLAN for a CHANGE in the ESTABLISHED CHURCH
of these REALMS,

is too brief to be branched out into articles: I shall therefore most briefly submit it.

Let our preachers become *students of music*, our pulpits be filled with *organs*, our ministers be employed in playing *them*, and our devotion consist in hearing *them*. A day should be decreed by our Parliament for the commencement of this *new religion*, and on that day there should be performed in *every* church a RE-QUIEM TO DEPARTED HOLINESS.

Here should I have ended my letter, content with the bare recital of my plan, had not a friend, to whom I presented it, objected thus:—*A*. “Well, what think you of my plan?”—*B*. “Think! why, that it has not the least claim to originality.”—*A*. “You really think so: and for what reason?”—*B*. “Have you been at Covent Garden, during the Oratorios? if not, to be sure, there is something to be said for you.”—*A*. “Exactly so.”—*B*. “At that house, except in its name, during Lent, your plan is exactly adopted. The house itself, I grant, is something handsomer than your old sty of a church; but many of the churches and chapels in London are scarcely less elegant than the theatres. In fact, some of them may be well termed “Sunday Theatres.” As to their music, in this respect they are hardly *decent* amid the prayers, &c. but when the worship of words is over, the worship of their organs is mostly Bacchanalian.”

I have reflected on this conversation, and followed up my reflections by experience. Seated in this metro-

polis, after a tedious journey from a distant village, I have examined for *myself*. I have visited many places of public worship, and find them as described by my friend. One in particular, in the vicinity of Piccadilly, I shall not easily forget. When I entered its walls, I was so struck with the magnificence of fashion which every where prevailed, both in the building and those whom the building enclosed, that I absolutely overlooked the pulpit and the desk; nor could I hear any thing but the whispers of complacency, till the organ summoned up my attention. Of the preacher I heard nothing; he preached, as I was told, in a fashionable whisper, which was lost in the whispers of his audience.

If, to complete my plan, it should be found necessary to modernize our churches, O ye gods!—you will excuse this unparsonic expression in a man who begins to know the *ton*—O ye gods! let them be modernized. But this, I am happy to aver, is not likely to be universally desired: for my lady Jemmima, on my starting the above obstacle, affirmed—that, for her part, she heartily preferred the taste of the managers of Drury Lane, as exemplified in their first “Oratorios;” that they succeeded best in a Gothic edifice.

Your’s, &c.

April 6, 1797.

A COUNTRY CURATE.

ANGER.

ANGER is a crime so peculiarly injurious to the interests of humanity, that, if we reflect a moment upon its consequences, we shall be convinced that we cannot impose upon ourselves a task too severe, in order to be exonerated from its destructive influence. A man in a fit of anger may be guilty of an action which may fill every future moment of his life with horror and regret; he may commit a violence upon that friend, for whom, in his tranquil moments, he would rather

rather have received a poniard in his bosom, than have suffered the smallest ill to approach him : he may wound the feelings of an affectionate wife, or depress the genius of a beloved child. Indeed, when we survey the ills produced by this primary cause of evil, we shrink with horror from the black catalogue, and wonder at the brutality of man.

Anger is one of those fires of the mind which, the more it is cherished, the more furiously it will blaze : suppress it, and it will soon become absorbed in cool reflection ; indulge it, and it will consume every relic of the milder virtues.

In the heated climate of Italy, the passions of anger and revenge are carried to an alarming extent : in that degenerate country, pistols and poniards are familiar instruments, and midnight assassinations convey with them no air of novelty ; for in souls of so degraded a nature, the mild rays of forgiveness illumine but a contracted sphere. Yet, is it not possible that this quick resentment, if ameliorated by philosophical reflection, might be softened into manly virtue ; and instead of flying out into murders and assassinations, present itself in the warm effusions of susceptible friendship ?

In France they are extremely tenacious of the word *honour*, and would rather risk fifty lives, than pass an injury without resenting it by a duel, lest they should be branded with the crime of cowardice. This does not, however, proceed so much from anger, as from a false delicacy ; for if a satisfactory apology can be gained, we seldom find them inflexible in revenge.

It is a general assertion, that an angry, or passionate man, is a generous one : granted—but a generous man may be a reflecting man, and a reflecting man will be convinced that he may part with his anger without being deprived of his generosity : nay, his suppression of this baneful passion will be considered an additional proof of a noble mind ; for it is only an over-heat of temperament which generates the flames of anger, and

these flames may certainly be extinguished without damping the more generous passions of the soul.

Almerius was hasty and passionate, yet firm in his attachments, and generous almost to prodigality. He contracted a friendship with Vicus, and though he was conscious of his inferiority as to mental endowments, yet he thought he possessed a noble soul: in this, however, he was disappointed; he reposed confidence in one who was incapable of deserving it, he loved a man whose soul was insensible to the ecstasies of friendship, or the milder emotions of gratitude. Almerius paid his addresses to a lady of distinguished worth, who rewarded his attention with an equal return of passion: Vicus knew the lady, and taking umbrage at a slight indiscretion of Almerius's, resolved to blast his future prospects: he spread a report injurious to the character of his friend, who, on a visit to the lady, was informed thereof. "Well, madam," cried he, starting from his seat in wild emotion, "do you believe it?"—"No, sir, but I thought it was just to give you the information." "It is just," exclaimed he, seizing her hand; you are right, Clarinda, and, by heaven! he shall feel my justice."—He pressed her hand in a convulsed agony, and immediately left her.—Without once thinking of a conveyance, his feet, propelled by passion, carried him the distance of nine miles; and had he been contending for an olympic prize, he would not have reached the goal so soon.—In a furor of mind and body, he entered the house where he expected to find his treacherous friend. "Where," cried he, "is this villain? this monster! this night will I satiate my revenge."—Fortune was kinder to him than he wished. Vicus had left the house about half an hour before Almerius entered. With much difficulty, he was persuaded to retire to rest; but the fever of his mind was too great to permit him to close his eyes: he arose in the morning nearly as much agitated as ever; he sat down to write a challenge, but at that moment it recurred to him,

him, that he was placing himself upon a level with a scoundrel. That thought recalled his bewildered senses. "Never," said he, "will I sink so low: had Eugenius served me thus, it had been well; but that's impossible—the soul of Eugenius disdains such infamy."—He endeavoured to collect himself, and soon resumed his tranquillity. He knew Vicus would present himself in the evening, but Prudence whispered him to avoid an interview, and he obeyed her dictates. When his phrenzied feelings were subdued, he met him, reproached him for his villainy, exposed him to the world, established his own innocence, and ever after treated him with the contempt he deserved.

This incident of his life Almerius often mentions with peculiar pleasure. "Now," says he, "I can exclaim with Pope," 'WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.' "Had it not been for this affair, I should never, perhaps, have known the merit of conquering my passions; but now I can congratulate myself on the easiness of my temper—I can meet the little ruffling occurrences of life with calmness, though not with apathy; for though I have suppressed my turbulent feelings, I have not destroyed my sensibility: I can feel the glowing emotions of love, the blissful ecstasies of friendship, and the soft sympathies of distress, in their fullest force. In short, I enjoy every pleasing sensation of the soul, without those harsh, discordant vibrations, which grate upon the strings of passion. When we struggle with vice, we generally prove victorious; and should we be unsuccessful in our first attempt, a second, or a third, may enable us to bear away the palm."

If we believe in the *immortality* of the soul, and that none but a few unsettled sceptics of the day will attempt to dispute, we must be aware, that a spirit ruffled by the turbulence of passion cannot be a fit inhabitant of those regions where nought but immaculate purity can reside; we must be convinced, that the spark of ethereal fire, inhaled from the Divine Author

of our being, if enveloped by the clouds of passion, can never shine forth with that bright effulgence intended by its Creator ; and we must be assured, that the human soul, if sullied by the dark stains of malevolence and revenge, can never be a companion of those pure spirits whose sole employment is the praise of our Universal Parent.

I do not contend, with the *perfectionists* of the present day, that there is a possibility of preserving the human mind from every inroad of crime ; but, by endeavouring to suppress vice, we practise virtue ; and by practising virtue to the extent of our power, we have some pretensions to the mercy of that Being, whose goodness reacheth “ even to the ends of the earth.”

CARLOS.

THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

DRURY-LANE.

- MAR. 21. *School for Scandal*—Lodoiska.
 23. *Much ado about Nothing*—Scotch Ghost—
 Cape St. Vincent.
 25. (*For the last time this season*) *Tamerlane*—
 Lodoiska.
 27. *Siege of Belgrade*—Scotch Ghost—Cape
 St. Vincent.
 28. *Measure for Measure*—Richard Cœur de
 Lion.
 30. *Wonder*—Scotch Ghost—Humorist.

APR. 1. *Gamester*—Citizen.

A most crowded and elegant audience, attended the representation of this favourite tragedy : indisposition, however, deprived them of much of their entertainment, for, owing to that, Mr. Kemble's Beverly was the most inane performance we ever witnessed from so great an actor; the other parts were well sustained, and, in the after-piece, Bannister and Suett were particularly successful.

APR. 3. *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*—Scotch
 Ghost—Smugglers.

4. *Isabella*—Follies of a Day.

6. *Inconstant*—Prize.

We never saw the fascinating powers of Miss Farren to greater advantage than on the present evening. We have often seen, and admired her performance of *Bizarre*; but this evening she was greater than usual.

Young

Young Mirabel, in the hands of Wroughton, was a respectable performance; never departing, meretriciously, from the text of his author, if he does not highly please, he takes care never to offend. The Oriana of Mrs. Goodall was chaste and pleasing, but we wish she would acquire, or assume more confidence. The exertions of the evening were crowned with the approbation of as splendid an audience as have this season honoured the theatre with their presence.

APRIL 8. *School for Scandal*—My Grandmother.

The part of Lady Teazle being the farewell performance of a favourite and deserving actress, as a last tribute to her merits, the house was crowded in every part, long before the rising of the curtain; and, during the performance, every actor seemed emulous to excel. At the end of the play, Miss Farren was so much affected, that Mr. Wroughton and Mr. King were obliged to support, and bear her off the stage. Some intimation having been given that an address was expected on the occasion, Mr. Wroughton, ever willing to please a generous public, wrote and delivered the following lines:

“ But, ah! this night, adieu the mirthful mien,
When Mirth’s lov’d fav’rite quits the mimic scene;
Startled THALIA wou’d assent refuse,
But Truth and Virtue sued, and won the Muse.
Aw’d by sensations it could ill express,
Tho’ mute the tongue, the bosom feels not less.
Her speech your kind indulgence oft has known,
Be to her silence now that kindness shewn;
Ne’er from her mind th’ endear’d record will part,
But live the proudest feeling of a grateful heart.”

She wept bitterly during the recitation, which was repeatedly interrupted by the sympathetic applause of her feeling auditors, and she was borne off amidst the acclamations of as crowded an audience as ever filled the theatre. The receipts of the night, exclusive of a large
number

number of orders, and notwithstanding it was Mr. Lewis's benefit at the other house, amounted to the sum of 727l. 16s. 6d.

APRIL 17. *George Barnwell*—Scotch Ghost—Cape St. Vincent.

18. *Wheel of Fortune*—Lodoiska.

19. (First time) *The Will*—Scotch Ghost—Purse.

A new comedy, from the pen of T. Reynolds, Esq. called "*The Will*," was brought forward for the first time at this theatre. The characters are,

Sir Solomon Cynic	- - -	Mr. King.
Mandeville	- - - - -	Mr. Wroughton.
George Howard	- - - - -	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Veritas	- - - - -	Mr. R. Palmer.
Realize	- - - - -	Mr. Suet.
Robert	- - - - -	Mr. Russell.
Copesley	- - - - -	Mr. Packer.
Albina	- - - - -	Mrs. Jordan.
Mrs. Rigid	- - - - -	Miss Tidswell.
Deborah	- - - - -	Mrs. Booth.
Cicely Copesley	- - - - -	Miss Mellon.

Mandeville, on account of some pecuniary embarrassments, is compelled to depart for the East Indies, from whence he occasionally remits money to his daughter Albina, whom he had left to the care of Mrs. Rigid. Mrs. Rigid intercepts the remittances, applies the money to her own use, and persuades Old Mandeville and Albina, that Mandeville had basely deserted his daughter, and left her without any thing to support herself with. Old Mandeville, indignant at the apparent neglect of his son, disinherits him, and, at his death, bequeaths the whole of his fortune to Albina. After a long absence, Mandeville returns penniless, and is on the point of being arrested for a security which he had formerly entered into in behalf of the father of Howard, but

but is rescued by the interference of Young Howard. Mrs. Rigid being apprised of Mandeville's return, dreads the development of her artifices, and endeavours to secure to herself half of Albina's fortune, by giving her in marriage to Veritas, tutor to Young Howard; but Veritas, having been intoxicated by Young Howard, reveals to him the whole transaction, and finally frustrates their plan by writing an account of it to Sir Solomon Cynic, who had been strongly prejudiced against Mandeville; but who thus discovers his error, and hastens to put a period to Mrs. Rigid's career of infamy, by discovering the whole affair to Albina.—The filial piety of Albina is then fully displayed. Disdaining to live in affluence, whilst her father remains in a state of insolvency, she destroys her grandfather's will, and restores to her father the whole of his fortune. The piece concludes with the reconciliation of some of the parties, and the union of Young Howard and Albina.

This comedy is indisputably the happiest effort of the fertile genius of the author. It possesses all the whim and eccentricity of his former pieces, with the addition of a plot highly interesting and plausible. The characters are delineated with judgment; the incidents are well imagined, and judiciously arranged; the wit sterling, and well applied; and the sentiment chaste, elegant, and captivating. With a few judicious alterations, Reynolds's "Will" will prove a rich legacy to this theatre.

The Epilogue is a whimsical parody on Shakespeare's Seven Ages, and describes the Ages of Woman. It was humourously delivered by Mrs. Jordan, who appeared this evening for the first time since her recess. She was highly welcomed by the audience, and performed with her wonted spirit and animation.

APRIL 20. *Will*—Richard Cœur De Lion.

COVENT GARDEN.

MAR. 21. *Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are*—Raymond and Agnes.

23. 25. *Ditto*—*Ditto*.

27. *A Cure for the Heart Ache*—*Ditto*.

28. *Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are*—*Ditto*.

30. *Ditto*—*Ditto*.

APRIL 1. *Ditto*—*Ditto*.

3. *A Cure for the Heart Ache*—*Ditto*.

4. *Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are*—*Ditto*.

6. *Ditto*—*Ditto*.

8. (*For the Benefit of Mr. Lewis*) *The Double Gallant, or The Sick Lady's Cure*—(First time these twelve years) Duke and No Duke, or Trapolin's Vagaries — (first time this season) Oscar and Malvina.

The entertainments of the evening were got up with great care; and the laughter-loving friends of the manager were by no means disappointed. The benefit was a good one. The receipts of the house told for 519l. 18s. 6d.

APRIL 17. *A Cure for the Heart Ache*—Harlequin and Oberon.

In this favourite pantomime, two new scenes, representing the humours of Greenwich, were this evening introduced with much effect.

APRIL 18. *Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are*—*Ditto*.

19. (*For the Benefit of Mr. Quick*) *Way to get Married*—What d'ye call it?—Tom Thumb.

20. *Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are*—Harlequin and Oberon.

ORATO.

ORATORIOS.

COVENT GARDEN.

- MARCH 22. *Sacred Selections.*
 24. *Acis and Galatea*—*Selections.*
 29. *Messiah.*
 31. *Sacred Selections.*
 APRIL 5. *Messiah.*
 7. *Sacred Selections.*

The Oratorios closed this evening for the season, much to the credit of the Managers. Madame Mara left a strong impression on the minds of the audience by the enchanting manner in which she sung "*In sweetest Harmony.*"—The sweetly modulated tones of Braham were poured forth in exquisite strains in "*Deeper and Deeper.*"—The concerto from Geminiani, by Mr. G. Ashley, was excellent; and the chorusses were more correct than on any former evening.

MASQUERADES.

Two of these motley entertainments have taken place during the present month; one at the Pantheon, on the 17th, and the other at Ranelagh, on the 18th.—The former was very *thin*, though not very *select*. That at Ranelagh was more numerously attended, and better supported by characters, such as they were, than any that have been given this season; none of them, however, were particularly interesting; and it has always been our fate to attend Masquerades where the wines and supper were the best parts of the entertainment.

Literary Review.

ART. I. *A Letter to the Hon. Thomas Erskine ; containing some Strictures on his View of the Causes and Consequences of the present War with France. By John Gifford, Esq. Author of a Letter to the Earl of Lauderdale, &c. &c. pp. 171. 3s. Longman. 1797.*

WE have declared, and we trust it was more than a declaration of *form*, that we were biassed to no party. But in times like these, the course which we would choose is, indeed, difficult. It was never our wish to have attended to political controversy, but the will of our patrons must be our's. Celebrated names awaken curiosity, and it becomes us to partake of that sentiment. Yet shall we not attend to the numerous warriors which the name of Erskine may summon to the field. Impartiality requires that we state the principal arguments of his opponents ; and, as we believe that he will not meet with a more able, we are sure that he will not with a more *wrathful* antagonist than Mr. Gifford, we shall content ourselves with that gentleman's opposition.

Mr. G. differs entirely with Mr. E. on the grounds of the war :

" The first charge," says the former, addressing Mr. E. which you prefer against the British Ministers, on this head, is, their refusal to interfere in the dispute between the French, and the Emperor and the King of Prussia, produced by the causes which I have already detailed. With what propriety you, who reprobate all idea of interference with foreign powers, and even contradict, in that respect, the maxims established by the best writers on the law of nations, can censure

Ministers for *not* interfering, I cannot conceive ? but if Ministers had interfered, they must either have reprobated the conduct of the French government, or have violated their duty ; and it will scarcely be contended, that such reprobation would, in the temper by which the faction which then predominated in France was actuated, have been attended with the salutary effect of re-establishing that harmony which the prevalence of revolutionary principles had alone interrupted. To assert, that this refusal indicated a disposition hostile to France, is to assume a fact, contradicted by the testimony of the French rulers themselves, as well as by your own acknowledgments. You admit, (p. 44,) that until the 15th of December, 1792, the government of this country had “ continued to express *the most pacific dispositions*,” though in the same breath you tell us, that “ we shall find them *uniformly and scrupulously observant of the most novel punctilios*, which could furnish the smallest pretence for *repelling peace*, but overleaping every rule hitherto adopted by regular governments in seeking a justification for war.” On these topics, unfortunately, even the French Executive Council of that day, with all their inveteracy against England, and with all their gratitude to you and your associates—as expressed in the paper I am about to quote—differed from you essentially. In Brissot’s report, from the Committee of General Defence to the National Convention, on the disposition of the British government towards France, delivered on the 12th of January, 1793, adverting to the refusal of our Ministers to interfere in the disputes of the continent, the reporter observes, “ Interest engaged the Ministry to observe an exact neutrality in the war which broke out between France, Austria, and Prussia. From this conduct they reaped a double advantage ; the nation enriched herself in the midst of those combats of which she was a simple spectator ; and the present administration was consolidated by the flourishing state of commerce, and the stability of peace. Actuated by these motives, the cabinet of St. James repeatedly declared their firm intention to observe the most scrupulous neutrality towards France ; and, in fact, they did observe it until the *immortal day* of the 10th of August.”—Again—“ Such was the disposition of the British cabinet, towards the end of November, that every difficulty

difficulty appeared to be surmounted, and Lord Grenville began to acknowledge the Government of France, which he had, at first, entitled the *Government of Paris*. Some scruples were, indeed, suggested as to the character of our agent, and the authority of the parties; *but the British ministers courted and gave explanations*. One only difficulty seemed to impede the projects of the negotiators. The Executive Council of France wished to negotiate through the medium of a regular Ambassador, while the British ministry observed, that the negotiation might be conducted by a secret agent; and they did not even firmly insist on this point of etiquette, if we may judge by some expressions which fell from Lord Grenville, who assured our ambassador, that *the King of England would never be stopped by forms*, when the object of negotiation was to obtain declarations that might be satisfactory and advantageous to both parties,—Pitt, on his part, at the beginning of December, testified *the strongest desire to avoid a war, and to procure from the French ministry the proof of a similar disposition*; and he regretted, that the interruption of the correspondence between the two cabinets should have produced any misunderstanding."

The perfidy of the French in their conduct towards Belgium :

"The opinion of Chauffard—to whom we are indebted for the knowledge of these extraordinary facts—is too curious to be omitted, "*Ought Belgium to be annexed to France?*—Expressing only the opinion of an individual, and embracing in my mind *the secret object which it is our duty to accomplish*, I vote *for the annexation of Belgium to France*, being influenced by an attention to the interests of both nations; and this interest having been proved to me, I vote for the employment of all the means for obtaining it, those of fraternity, even those of the *despotism of reason*, which is only exercised for the happiness of mankind. Tyranny perpetuates itself by depriving the people of the very wish to be free, and we have sworn to extirpate every species of tyranny. *The will of the people is opposed to my plan*;—*The will of a people, in a state of infancy or imbecility would be null, because it would stipulate*

against

H h 2

against themselves *." After this meeting, Chauffard, in a letter to the Commissaries at Douai, said, "*We pledge ourselves that the annexation of Belgium shall be declared without difficulty.*"

"One more remark will suffice to demonstrate, to the conviction of every rational and independant mind, the *systematic plan of deception* practised by the French government in their negotiations with British Ministers. The decree of the 15th of December was passed in the very day on which the Executive Council sent directions to Chauvelin to disavow all hostile intentions on their part; and their instructions to their commissaries in the Netherlands, the object of which I have *proved* to be the annexation of Belgium to France, were signed by the council on the very day (the 8th of January, 1793,) on which Mons. Le Brun, one of the members who subscribed them, wrote the note to Lord Grenville, containing those *explanations*, which constitute the basis of your crazy fabric, and on which the council positively declared, that France "*had before renounced, and again renounced, every conquest; and that her occupation of the Low Countries should only continue during the war, and the time which may be necessary for the Belgians to consolidate their liberties; after which let them be happy, France would find her recompence in their felicity.*" Such a scene of profligacy has, I believe, seldom been exhibited on the diplomatic stage!"

Justification of the present hostilities, as directed against *principles*:

"It is, I know, a favourite topic with the philosophical politicians of the present day, that to wage war against principles is to commit an act of injustice of the most atrocious nature. To fight against mere *abstract* principles would indeed be an act of insanity; but to resist principles when attempted to be reduced to practice, in a manner that threatens our own safety and independence, is justifiable not only by the law of nations, but by the all-powerful plea of self-preservation. Vat-

* Procès-verbal de la conférence generale qui a eu lieu entre les commissaires envoyés dans les différens arrondissemens de la Belgique, réunis à Bruxelles, p. 78.

tel,

tel, speaking on this subject, says—"If, then, there be any nation of a *restless* and *mischievous* disposition, always ready to *injure others*, to traverse their designs, and to *raise domestic troubles*; it is not to be doubted, that all have a right to join, in order to repress, chastise, and put it ever after out of its power to injure them*." That France was a nation precisely of this description, no man will be bold enough to deny. The principles proclaimed by her amounted to little less than the assertion of a right of universal legislation, and a determination to overthrow all the existing governments of Europe. "*Royalty in Europe*"—said the French—"is on the point of perishing; and the declaration of rights, placed by the side of *thrones*, is a devouring fire which will consume them."

"Those immaculate republicans who appear, in your opinion to be infallible, but who, in fact, are the first people, at least in modern times, that have rendered the assertion of such a principle of hostility necessary and unavoidable. Indeed, they were themselves fully aware that their principles must be objects of resistance to all existing governments; and they evidently intended that they should be so; hence the president of the Convention, after the decree of the 16th had been passed, in November, 1792, alluding to the war which France had declared against the Emperor and the King of Prussia, observed—"Principles are waging war against tyranny, which will fall under the blows of *philosophy*." This was perfectly true; the disorganizing principles proclaimed by the French government had declared, as they themselves repeatedly confessed, eternal war against *royalty*, that is, against every political institution or form of government which differed from their own. Of course, the regular governments were compelled in their own defence, to wage war against those principles. It was with them, not an object of choice but a matter of necessity. The principles were avowedly the active aggressors; they were the cause of hostility. Mr. Fox, indeed, whom you praise most extravagantly, apparently for no other reason than because his sentiments corresponded with your own, was pleased to represent a contest pursued on these grounds as having *no defined, nor definable object*. But he might as well tell me, that if a man threatened to take

* Vattel, Book 2, Chap. 4.

away my life, the judicial means I should adopt for securing myself against the effects of such threats, would have no *definable object*; and that, before I could have any lawful ground of action, I must wait until he had put his threats in execution.—The object, in both cases, is to obtain reparation for a past act of aggression, and security against any future act of a similar nature.”

“ From the *facts* I have adduced, which contradict all your *assertions*, it evidently results, that our Ministers adopted every means that was compatible with the honour and safety of the nation for averting hostilities; that during the period which elapsed between the declaration of war, and the establishment of a new constitution in France, the state of the government in that country was such as to preclude, according to the principles laid down by the French themselves, the possibility of negotiation, even had the enemy evinced a pacific disposition; that no sooner did the dawn of returning order appear in France, than they hastened to proclaim the removal of those difficulties which had operated as a bar to negotiation; that, shortly after, though the enemy had displayed no wish to meet the kind of invitation which their recent declaration had holden out, they adopted means for ascertaining the real disposition of the French on the subject of peace; and lastly that, notwithstanding the exorbitant pretensions advanced by the enemy, they again courted an accommodation, and even submitted to a measure, which many of the best friends of the country were disposed to consider as a degradation of her dignity, and sent an ambassador to Paris. From the same facts it also results, that during the whole period of the war, from its declaration at the beginning of 1793, to the present day, *the French government has never made a single advance towards an accommodation; has never brought forward one proposition for the termination of hostilities; and has never even exhibited the smallest symptom of a pacific disposition.* To whom then does the following exclamation of yours apply?—“ What must be the responsibility of the rash and precipitate authors of war, and the uniformly backward negotiators of its termination?—I leave it to a British public to decide.”

“ How would the true British spirit of our brave ancestors, who fought and who conquered in the blood-stained fields of

Gregy

Creçy and of *Azincourt*—how would the proud souls of the gallant followers of our Henrys and our Edwards—how would the indignant minds of Sydney and of Hampden, the objects of your admiration, and the nobler and the purer spirit of the all-accomplished Falkland—Freedom's firmest friend—Rebellion's deadliest foe!—the constant theme of mine—have spurned the admonitions you suggest, and the conduct you prescribe! With what an eye would they have regarded a British representative who should have presumed to arraign his country, and plead the cause of her enemy? Yes, sir, I aver, that you plead the cause of France! Indeed, you was fully aware that your language and your sentiments would subject you to a similar imputation, and you therefore deemed it prudent to anticipate the charge; but the very words of your denial supply the proof of your guilt. You say, you do not defend the French, *because you only use their own arguments!* In the name of common sense let me ask, If I had engaged you, in your professional character, to defend a cause for me in the court of King's Bench, what arguments could I wish you to employ but such as I should use myself?—But your affirmation, as extended from your own publication to the arguments of your party, is by no means correct; for it is most certain, that some of the objections started by them were never urged by the French, until they had appeared in the English prints, in the pay of Opposition, whence they were translated into the Parisian journals. Of this description was the objection suggested to Mr. Wickham's Note, on the plea of *insincerity*, grounded on the forbearance of our Ministers formally to acknowledge the French Republic. This objection had never occurred to the French government, and was never used by any of their partisans, until their advocates in England had supplied them with it."

"The French Revolution," says Mr. G. "originated in the profligate designs of a few factious individuals, who had the address to render the virtuous propensities of one part of the community, and the bad passions of the other, subservient to the accomplishment of their own base purpose." Unhappily for mankind, the origin of the French Revolution, and the grounds of the present war, have never been generally

rally understood. There can be no doubt that the account given by Mr. G. is the account which has actuated the whole movements of our ministry; and, to the complete justification of their measures, it only remains to shew—first, That the above is the true origin of the French Revolution; and, second, That all the crimes and misfortunes to which this Revolution has given birth, so far from having blackened over the warlike furnace of England, being the necessary result of the revolutionary principle, have rather been checked by the interference of this country. Discerning minds are mostly in contradiction to popularity. Their opinions are derived from very different considerations to those which most men conceive. The ostensible reasons for this war have been repeatedly changed; while, it is more than probable, that its real grounds have existed inviolable. There was a time when the majority of every civilized and intelligent people, hailed, with no common enthusiasm, the dawn of Gallic liberty: and very far, indeed, are we from attributing that enthusiasm to any source but philanthropy. But is it not possible that some, who had traced the *secret* springs of this change, and investigated its *true aim*, foresaw, even now, that “*the profligate designs of a few factious individuals, would render the virtuous propensities of one part of the community, and the bad passions of the other, subservient to the accomplishment of their own base purpose?*” What, however, would have been the major-verdict of his fellow-citizens, had any man opposed, to the *vivid* flame of freedom, these cold, though philosophical impediments? Would he not have been pronounced a lunatic! And, carrying his convictions into practice, had he recommended his views as a ground for active enmity, who can say what punishment the temper of the times would not have adjudged him! On the question respecting “our interference,” it may be observed—If it be proved that the intentions of the first leading revolutionists in France, were such as Mr. Gifford

Gifford has stated them to have been, it is impossible to calculate on the state into which Europe might have been plunged, at this day, had those intentions have met with an unchecked execution. These are considerations which we would submit to every candid enquirer.

To judge of the merits by the success of an undertaking; to conceive that nothing but the cause of despotism has influenced the supporters, and nothing but the spirit of a revengeful democracy the opposers of the war; are equally unworthy—if those *inseparable* characters are *now* to be separated—of the Christian or the philosopher. Amidst scenes of turbulence and distress, benevolence is too apt to disappear; in such times, we more than admired the liberality of an Erskine: and, as unlike Dr. Johnson, we cannot love a *good hater*, we must regret that the talents of a Gifford should ever be tinged with asperity.

ART. II. *Mason's Poems. Vol. III.*

(Continued from page 288.)

ELEGY II.

WRITTEN IN A CHURCH YARD IN SOUTH WALES, 1787*.

“ Not but perchance, to deck some Virgin's tomb,
Where Violets sweet their twofold purple spread,
Some Rose of maiden blush may faintly bloom,
Or with'ring hang its emblematic head.

* A custom is prevalent with the peasants, in that part of the country, of planting field flowers and sweet herbs on the graves of their relations and friends; a pleasing specimen of this, which the Author saw when he was paying a visit to Lord Vernon at Breton Ferry, Glamorganshire, in the summer of the year, 1787, occasioned him to write this Elegy; now for the first time published.

These

These to renew, with more than annual care
 That wakeful Love with pensive step will go;
 The hand that lifts the dibble shakes with fear
 Left haply it disturb the Friend below.
 Vain Fear! for never shall disturber come
 Potent enough to wake such sleep profound,
 Till the dread Herald of the Day of Doom
 Pours from his Trump the world dissolving sound.
 Vain Fear! yet who that boasts a heart to feel,
 An eye to pity, would that fear reprove?
 They only who are curst with breasts of steel
 Can mock the foibles of surviving love.
 Those foibles far beyond cold Reason's claim
 Have power the social Charities to spread;
 They feed, sweet Tenderness! thy lambent flame,
 Which, while it warms the heart, improves the head.
 Its chemic aid a gradual heat applies
 That from the dross of self each wish refines,
 Extracts the liberal spirit, bids it rise
 Till with primæval purity it shines.
 Take then, poor Peasants from the friend of Gray
 His humbler praise; for Gray or fail'd to see,
 Or saw unnotic'd, what had wak'd a lay
 Rich in the pathos of true poetry.
 Yes, had he pac'd this church-way path along,
 Or lean'd, like me, against this ivied wall,
 How sadly sweet had flow'd his Dorian song,
 Then sweetest when it flow'd at Nature's call.
 Like Tadmor's King, his comprehensive mind
 Each plant's peculiar character could seize,
 And hence his moralizing * Muse had join'd
 To all these flow'rs, a thousand families.

* This epithet is used to call to the Reader's recollection a passage in Shakespeare, descriptive of a character to which, in its best parts, Mr. Gray's was not dissimilar.

Duke Sen. But what said Jaques?

Did he not *moralize* this spectacle?

First Lord. O yes, into a *thousand families*.

As You Like It, Act II. Scene I.

But

But he, alas! in distant village-grave
 Has mix'd with dear maternal dust his own;
 Ev'n now the pang, which parting Friendship gave;
 Thrills at my heart, and tells me he is gone."

Having given ample specimens of this writer's powers, as connected with rhyme, it remains to say something of the Dramatic Pieces which conclude the volume.

On the narrative of Sappho, we are presented with "A Lyrical Drama, in three acts."

Phaon's transformation, by Venus, from "a rude and homely Fisher Boy," is well wrought up:

— "His brown forehead,
 Which the hot sun had parch'd and freckled o'er,
 Quick took a Parian polish. His rude locks,
 That stood in bristly tangles round his head,
 Now smoothly flow'd in hyacinthine rings,
 Mantling his neck and shoulders; downy crimson
 Soft'ned his rustic ruddiness of cheek;
 His eye glanc'd tendernefs; his smile breath'd love."

The curse of Agenor and Phaon, for ensnaring the heart of Doris, is finely imagined:

"The rat'ling chain, the prison's gloom,
 Where adders hiss, and scorpions sting,
 Villain, shall be thy dismal doom!
 There Famine, on her raven wing,
 Shall hover o'er thy fainting head;
 Till Nature, sinking at the sight,
 Quenches the lamp of life and light,
 And gives thee to the perjur'd dead."

Some "Sonnets from Sappho to Phaon," will scarcely be read after this description:

"But trembling awe my bosom heaves,
 When plac'd those heav'nly charms among;
 The sight my voice of power bereaves,
 And chains my torpid tongue.

Thro'

Sap. Cruel! It was thy arm that gave the blow,
Which makes life loathsome.

Pha. 'Twas the blow of error.

Sap. Away; I will not parley with thy falshood.

Pha. Behold me kneel!

Sap. Repentance comes too late.

Rise, Traitor, rise! my choice is fixt as fate."

"Argentile and Curan, a Legendary Drama," though distinguished in poetical merit, has nothing that would affect the reader in a detached form.

Regarding this volume nearly as the remains of its venerable author, we cannot dismiss it with a slight inspection. The poems—*Caractacus*, *II Bellicoso*, and *II Pacifico*, though our limits permitted them not in the shape of extract, are pieces of considerable beauty. From what we have set before the reader, an estimate of the Poet may nevertheless be formed. Our taste may be vicious, but we expect a fire, and, if we may say it, a *fury* in the Ode, which we feel not in Mr. Mason's compositions. His Sonnets too, we speak generally, are without *point*. In Elegy, he assumes a happier strain: and could he here be less ornamental, he would be still more successful. "Elegy I. addressed to Miss Peilham, on the Death of her Father," is indeed *studiously* defective. Gilded metaphor, and far-fetched imagery, are certainly inconsistent with grief; and he who through such a medium proffers consolation, evinces more of officious politeness, than genuine sympathy. It should seem to us, that it is in blank verse Mr. Mason excels.

Some charming "Stanzas, written on the Banks of the Cam, in 1746," recalled to our breasts the beautiful "Contemplatist" of Cunningham.

Experience has not entirely freed Mr. Mason from defects in accents and rhyme:—"Thro' that clear perspective, her motley crew," is a proof of the former:—*View*, and *brov*; *shade*, and *head*, of the latter; and *inn'cent*, a very culpable instance of elision: but, in all these, perfect's he who comes so near perfection.

“ Mr. Mason’s poetry,” says a friend at our elbow, “ is classical, chaste, and harmonious : what would you have ? How can he be thought defective ? ”—Again, we must aver, that we judge only by our *feelings* : and we fear (for we have not felt much of this work) that those feelings are *torpid*. The character of Mr. Mason * demanded our respect ; and the degree of attention which we have paid to that respect, the length of this article will best evince.

* This excellent man is *now* an IMMORTAL !

ART. III. *Family Secrets, Literary and Domestic :*
By Mr. Pratt. In 5 vol. 25s. boards. Longman.
1797.

THE plot of this novel is too complicated, and indeed too tedious, to enable us to give more than a mere sketch of some of its leading features.—Henry Fitzorton (who is evidently the hero) is betrothed by his father to Olivia Clare, while his heart is the received property of Caroline Stuart. A difference in religion, and an hereditary feud between the families of Stuart and Fitzorton, render such an attachment very improper ; and Henry, awed by the remonstrances of his father Sir Armine, and grateful for the fondness of Olivia, gives his father a promise of becoming the husband of the latter, who, in perfect ignorance of his fatal engagement, lives solely in the hope of being *his* wife.—After the death of Sir Armine, this event takes place, and while Henry is in possession of the amiable Olivia, the object of his secret love hastens from the country with her brother, and secludes herself in the Island of Guernsey. Some years elapse, in which time, the virtues of Olivia, and the endearments of his children, have no effect in weaning the heart of Henry from Caroline ; and he is still secretly miserable, when Olivia
dies ;

dies; and, as her last words have been for his union with Miss Stuart, Henry again renews hope, and after a decent time of mourning, goes in search of Caroline. He finds her on the point of taking the veil, but his remonstrances restore her again to the world, and as he adopted *her* religion privately, after his first attachment to herself, receives her hand, and returns to England. In these scenes, John Fitzorton, the eldest brother of Henry, bears a principal part; and indeed, the dignity of his character, and the genuine strength of his feelings, which his powerful reason is continually repressing, give him an evident superiority and interest over that which we feel for the weak and romantic Henry. John, though attached to Olivia in the warmest manner, neither avows his passion, nor laments it with unmanly despair, but erects upon the basis of love the grandest structure of benevolence. His life is spent in exertions for the happiness of Olivia with his brother; and when we contemplate the greatness of his character, and the ardour of his regard, we deeply regret that Olivia had not fallen to the lot of the exalted John.—Olivia is drawn in a masterly style: she captivates either as a daughter, a wife, or a mother; and we find it difficult to believe that Henry, or indeed *any* man, should be her husband, and yet feel his heart devoted to another.—Caroline, though placed in trying situations, and acting well in them all, seldom comes so much forward as Olivia; and when she does, never appears so touching or so amiable. A great many parts of the book are instructive and animated, particularly the dialogues between the brothers, whose opposition of character is perpetually producing a difference of argument uncommonly interesting. Many, *far* many more scenes are trivial, and, indeed, insupportably dull, particularly those relative to Sir Guise Stuart and his party. Mr. Pratt has *manufactured* his incidents into *too much*; had he extended them to the agreeable length of three volumes, “Family Secrets” must have added

fresh respectability to a name already deservedly eminent.

True George, the servant of Henry, is, we hope, a picture of Nature; and it is a glorious one; fidelity, affection, and humanity, are all beautifully exemplified in his history.—Mr. Partington too is eccentric and amusing; and James Fitzorton is always more respectable than the first sketch of his character promises.—Several elegant touches of nature are interspersed through the book, but we must content ourselves with giving the following affecting passage from the last volume—it is after the death of Olivia:

“ Henry went into Olivia's chamber, attended by George, whom, however, he beckoned to stop at the door, which being partly opened, Henry moved forward with cautious and trembling steps, as if fearful of disturbing those who were in the sleep of death. As he was approaching the bed, he beheld John bending over it on the side he had himself entered. Checked by surprize and awe, he suspended his step, and distinctly heard the words which his brother was uttering: they breathed over the dead body of Olivia the first declaration of love. They recapitulated the conduct which that love had urged, to preserve the peace of its object unbroken to the last moment of her life. “ And if, O sacred spirit,” said the lover, addressing the corpse, of which he had taken up one of the lifeless hands, and laid it on his bosom—“ if in the unencouraged but resistless feelings, a sentiment more tender than brother ever felt—perhaps ever can feel—has sometimes assailed my heart, and aught of blame should still attach to eternally combated and involuntary emotions, let thy now angel prayers intercede with the bestower of that heart, to absolve my frailty! Yet, how can error mix with a principle which at this moment that I am beholding thee a breathless corpse hastening to decay, making that corpse more welcome to my eye, more precious to my soul, than all thou hast left behind thee, to bloom in health, and youth, and beauty?—Ah, no! like the soul itself, my affection shall be eternal, attend me as in thy life-time here, and follow thee to other worlds.”

“ John

"John had turn'd his head, somewhat startled, for Henry, impelled by his feelings, came onward. The Colonel had still retained one of Olivia's hands. "Henry," said he, "you have discovered my passion: you now perceive that a wretch, more disastrous than yourself, had really being.—Behold the victim! Behold too the object of his affection!—but she is no more thy wife, my brother! death hath dissolved the bond that made her fond and faithful hand appropriate to Henry. Alas! it is mouldering into nought. The ascended spirit, therefore, which has left it, is now our object—that too is free of human ties, except by heavenly sympathy; and those who still love her must share with myriads, with all the host of heaven."

ART. IV. *The Nun: By Diderot. Translated from the French.* 2 vols. 8s. boards. Robinsons. 1797.

THIS production is among the numerous instances wherein celebrity of name has given birth to post-humous works which would have else retained their deserved obscurity. "The Nun," representing the narration of a young lady who had been compelled to take the vow, is evidently a satire on the monastic life; and so far, it merits commendation. But while we thus acknowledge the moral tendency of these volumes, we must reprobate much of their contents as *unnecessary* and *pernicious*, and many of their scenes as repulsive to the least delicacy of sentiment: yet must we in justice observe, that the *Translator* is by no means inculpated with the Author; the former has done whatever could have been done to render "The Nun" an acceptable performance.

ART. V. *The Manner pointed out in which the Common Prayer was read in private by the late Mr. Garrick, for the Instruction of a Young Clergyman; from whose Manuscript Notes this Pamphlet is composed: By J. W. Anderson, A.M. pp. 78. 2s. Rivingtons. 1797.*

THE name of Garrick must excite curiosity, not less among the laity than the clergy, when affixed to considerations on the Common Prayer. The singularity of an actor attending to the ceremonies of religious worship, with a view of instructing its officiates, is not less novel than it is pleasing: and it is highly honourable to the memory of our Roscius, that his criticisms on our Church-manual are the criticisms of feeling and piety. While, however, we acknowledge the excellency of this performance, we must seriously regret that the majority of our established Pastors should require the aid of these directions. Common unaffected good sense, combined with a just estimate of the Christian dispensation, should inspire and direct every teacher of the Gospel. In such a minister, a due sense of the importance of the doctrines which he inculcates, cannot fail to animate his exhortations, and to solemnize his injunctions.

But the ensuing admonitions call loudly for the attention of those who are well-wishers towards the present establishment:

“ The *canting, monotonous* tone with which the clerks perform their part of the Litany, and indeed of all the prayers, should be got rid of; for the people are insensibly led into the practice of this half *sing-sing* mode of going through their devotions; a custom which has more of the *whining cant* of a school-boy repeating his lesson, than of that *ardent, manly devoutness*, which benefits those who address themselves to their Creator. The minister ought to instruct in private his clerk, in all those places where the latter is more particularly concerned, as by so doing, as well as by his own example, he

will

will be the means of teaching his congregation a *grave*, dignified, impressive method of going through their duty, suitable to the *awful* and *solemn grandeur* of the occasion."

After all, as a good tree will generally produce good fruit, so a devout pastor (may we thus express ourselves) is most likely to effect a devout flock.

ART. VI. *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety-six, a Satire, in Four Dialogues: Dialogue the First and Second: By Peter Pindar, Esq.* 4to. pp. 48. 2s. 6d. Walker. 1797.

TOM is an inexperienced wit, whom Peter kindly instructeth: but Peter and Tom, and Tom and Peter, shall speak for themselves:

"Peter. Now for the meaning of this wild-goose chase: What project, Tom? a pension, or a place?

Tom. Full of my mighty *self*, from College down I rush, to blaze a COMET on the town!

To tear from SLAVERY's neck the galling chain,
And raise a Nabob-fortune by my brain;

On skins of hungry wolves, the Courtiers thrive,
A NIMROD! leaving not a beast alive!

Tremble thou RICHMOND, HAWKSB'RY, and thou PITT
Too tremble, at the faulchion of my wit.

Tremble thou PORTLAND, MALMSB'RY, ROSE, DUNDAS!
Strip'd be the lion's hide, that holds an *Ass*.

Roll my deep thunder round that REEVES's head,
Dark form! that stalking, strikes a world with dread:

All eye, all ear, at midnight's guardless hour,
To seize a subject for the jail or Tow'r.

Fierce with the lightning's blasting fire, my PEN,
Strike thou th' aspiring heads of impious men.

Drag thou, my ARM, black GUILT to open day!

Such are my projects!—How d'ye like them, pray?

Peter. Nobly resolv'd! a pious resolution,
Would FORTUNE kindly crown the *execution*.

But PITT despis'd the execrating noise
Of men and women—hooting girls and boys!

Smil'd

Smil'd at the rude salutes of stones and mire
 That *discompos'd* his curls and gay attire;
 And fated, had he fall'n, his gang to cros, **PITT**
 Knew a simple life no public loss;
 Knew that a *name* but mock'd a vengeful stone,
 Whose ghost-like popularity was *gone*;
 And knew, *his* flow'rs of speech, and breadth of soul,
 The State might find in many a dirty hole.
 Safe 'mid the windings of his brazen tow'r,
 Too well a **MINISTER** discerns his pow'r;
 With high contempt he bids their fury flow,
 And mocks the pop-guns of the **WORLD** below:
 So deep in fat **CORRUPTION**'s foil his roots,
 The public blast but lops some wanton shoots;
 The bullying **TRUNK**, whose *members* brave the skies,
 Firm in its hell-clad strength, the storm defies.

Tom. I'll pour a broadside into Courts—

Peter. ————— Forbear,
 Court-folly charms, of all, the eye and ear:
 Sink it and **SATIRE** mourns his useless art;
 While **RIDICULE**, a bankrupt, breaks his heart.

Tom. I'll spread my sentiments of Kings and Queens;
Truth guides my pen, and *Truth* the poet screens.

Peter. Oh! what an inexperienced thing is youth!
 How very little knowest thou of **TRUTH**!
TRUTH for a very dangerous dame believe!
 Too often, **TOM**, the fairest forms deceive:
 Mid **WINTER**'s shiv'ring *scene*, the simple hare
 Finds in the purest snow a fatal snare:
 Forth as she scuds, to feed at early day,
 The treach'rous *softness* tells her winding way:
 Where'er it feels her feet, the fair **BETRAYER**
 Informs the treach'rous poacher where to slay her.
 The **MUSE** that tells plain truth, with edge-tools sports:
 Go, deal in fiction, man, and flatter Courts.

Tom. Nor shall the pompous Lawn my last escape,
 That swelling lords it over simple **CAPE**:
WHALES of the church! before my vengeance fly—
 Devouring, mangling the poor helpless **FRY**:
PRIESTS! how unlike your healing, humble **MASTER**!
 He, Gilead's *balm*; but *you*—a *blister-plaster*!

Out with State-cancers!—CAUSTIC, come—and knife—
I'll gain FAME's *plaudit*, though I lose my life.

Peter. Sweet is her song—divine, like BANTI's breath:
Yet dear's the ballad, TOM, whose note is *death*!

Tom. Perchance I venture on the hope-forlorn!
Yet, HE who HONOUR courts, must DANGER scorn!

Peter. Thus, 'when a breach is made in some fair town,
The VOLUNTEERS, agog to gain renown,
Beg hard to enter first, to fall with glory,
And give posterity a *beauteous story*;
While *wiser some*, averse to *making mould*,
Would rather *tell the tale*, than have it *told*."

Although there is enough of PETER in this Satire, to convince any one of its authenticity; and although we believe, that HE would be the last man "to deal in fiction," and to "flatter Courts," yet must we opine, that he has a *mortal* dislike to "the ballad whose note is *death*!"

Prefixed to this Satire, we have a bust-like portrait of Peter Pindar, taken by artist Opie, when his Bard was *un-wiggishly* disposed.

ART. VII. *The Enquirer. Reflections on Education, Manners, and Literature. In a series of Essays.* By William Godwin. pp. 481. 8vo. 7s. Boards. Robinsons. 1797.

TO oppose the prejudice of ages, when that prejudice is inimical to man; and, detecting the fallacy of received opinions, to ameliorate the human mind, is the noblest effort of philosophical enquiry. How far this effect is produced by the writings of Mr. Godwin, it is our business to examine. He would disprove the originality of genius.

"Give me all the motives, says Mr. G. that have excited another man," &c. and he would not fail to be like that man. May we ask, what *constitutes* those motives? But Mr. G. is so confused in this essay, that we cannot do better than to place GODWIN *versus*

GODWIN.

GODWIN. And as we proceed, in order to elucidate the subject, we shall subjoin some occasional remarks. The author's words will be marked as quotations.

"The capacity which it is in the power of education to bestow, must consist principally in *information*," We do intreat the reader's attention.

"That a man brings *a certain character into the world with him*, is a point that must be readily conceded. The mistake is to suppose that he brings an *immutable character*." And what reasonable being ever entertained the supposition? Here, indeed, Mr. G. has done all that the advocates for original genius ever sought to establish. They know, and are agreed, that genius may not evince itself till late in life, according to external circumstances; and, that the same causes may even annihilate its spirit: all that they contend for is, an extraordinary animation or life fitted for the pursuit of knowledge.

Essay 6, "Of the Study of the Classics," possesses uncommon merit.

In Essay 7, "Of Public and Private Education," we have some excellent observations on the effects of sympathy in private tuition, although Mr. G. decides in favour of public.

"Of the Happiness of Youth," Mr. G. has not fairly estimated. He has certainly passed over the joys of Anticipation,—that period when, sated with the tranquillity, or incensed with the troubles of our existence, we exult, in both cases, amid the illusive scenes of futurity.

We meet in Essay 9, "Of the Communication of Knowledge," this position—"The true object of juvenile education, is to provide, against the age of five and twenty, a mind well regulated, active, and prepared to learn *." We perfectly understand the author. In order to liberate youth from infantine superstitions, he

* Mr. Godwin is now married to Mrs. Wolstoncraft.—If this pithy conjunction should produce any philosophical shoots, it will be curious to observe their progress.

would

would have them *untaught* till they are capable of being *taught*. This might be, in a state of *perfectibility*; but Mr. G. is not very hopeful on this head; and, at page 143, he says—"The human mind is never so ductile and pliant as in early youth. Whatever therefore we should wish to find it at years of maturity, we should endeavour to begin in it at the tenderest years." Will the reader collate this with the last quotation?

Mr. G. in discussing the merits "Of Avarice and Profusion," decides, "That the avaricious person is the most beneficial to society." It may be well to remark, notwithstanding this decision, that Avarice *supplies* Profusion.

Essay 6, part 2, "Of Trades and Professions," contains much bold and heterogeneous hypothesis.

Alluding to certain penance reformists, in his Essay "Of Self-denial, thus speaks Godwin: "These notions may sufficiently accord with the system of those who are willing to part with all the benefits of the present scene of existence, in exchange for certain speculations upon the chances of a world to come." We know not how Mr. G. may feel *the chances of a world to come*, but we are assured, that religion does not oppose our *genuine* pleasures. "A less pleasure," adds this gentleman, "is not to be bartered but for a greater, either to ourselves or others, nor a scheme attended with the certainty or probability of considerable pleasure, for an air-built speculation." Reader: here is *certainty*, or *probability*; and an *air-built speculation*!!!

The literary enquiries of this volume are interesting and conclusive. On a critical comparison of English style, during the ages of Queen Elizabeth, Charles the Second, Queen Anne, and George the Second, it is apparent, that the complaint of *our degeneracy* in style, like that of *our degeneracy* in dress, is the mere cant of cynics: on the contrary it is proved, that our style, at this day, is by far more polished, nervous, and clear, than at any preceding period of English literature.

The

The length of this analysis obliges us to confine our extracts. The following observations on "An Early Taste for Reading," convey a fair specimen of Mr. Godwin's language :

"There is, perhaps, nothing that has a greater tendency to decide favourably or unfavourably respecting a man's future intellect, than the question whether or not he be impressed with an early taste for reading.

"Books are the depositary of every thing that is most honourable to man. Literature, taken in all its bearings, forms the grand line of demarcation between the human and the animal kingdoms. He that loves reading, has every thing within his reach. He has but to desire, and he may possess himself of every species of wisdom to judge, and power to perform.

The chief point of difference between the man of talent and the man without, consists in the different ways in which their minds are employed during the same interval. They are obliged, let us suppose, to walk from Temple-Bar to Hyde-Park-Corner. The dull man goes straight forward; he has so many furlongs to traverse. He observes if he meets any of his acquaintance; he enquires respecting their health and their family. He glances, perhaps, the shops as he passes; he admires the fashion of a buckle, and the metal of a tea-urn. If he experience any flights of fancy, they are of a short extent; of the same nature as the flights of a forest-bird, clipped of his wings, and condemned to pass the rest of his life in a farm-yard. On the other hand, the man of talent gives full scope to his imagination. He laughs and cries. Unindebted to the suggestions of surrounding objects, his whole soul is employed. He enters into nice calculations; he digests sagacious reasonings. In imagination he declaims or describes, impressed with the deepest sympathy, or elevated to the loftiest rapture. He makes a thousand new and admirable combinations. He passes through a thousand imaginary scenes, tries his courage, tasks his ingenuity, and thus becomes gradually prepared to meet almost any of the many-coloured events of human life. He consults, by the aid of memory, the books he has read, and projects others for the future instruction and delight of mankind.

(To be concluded in our next.)